HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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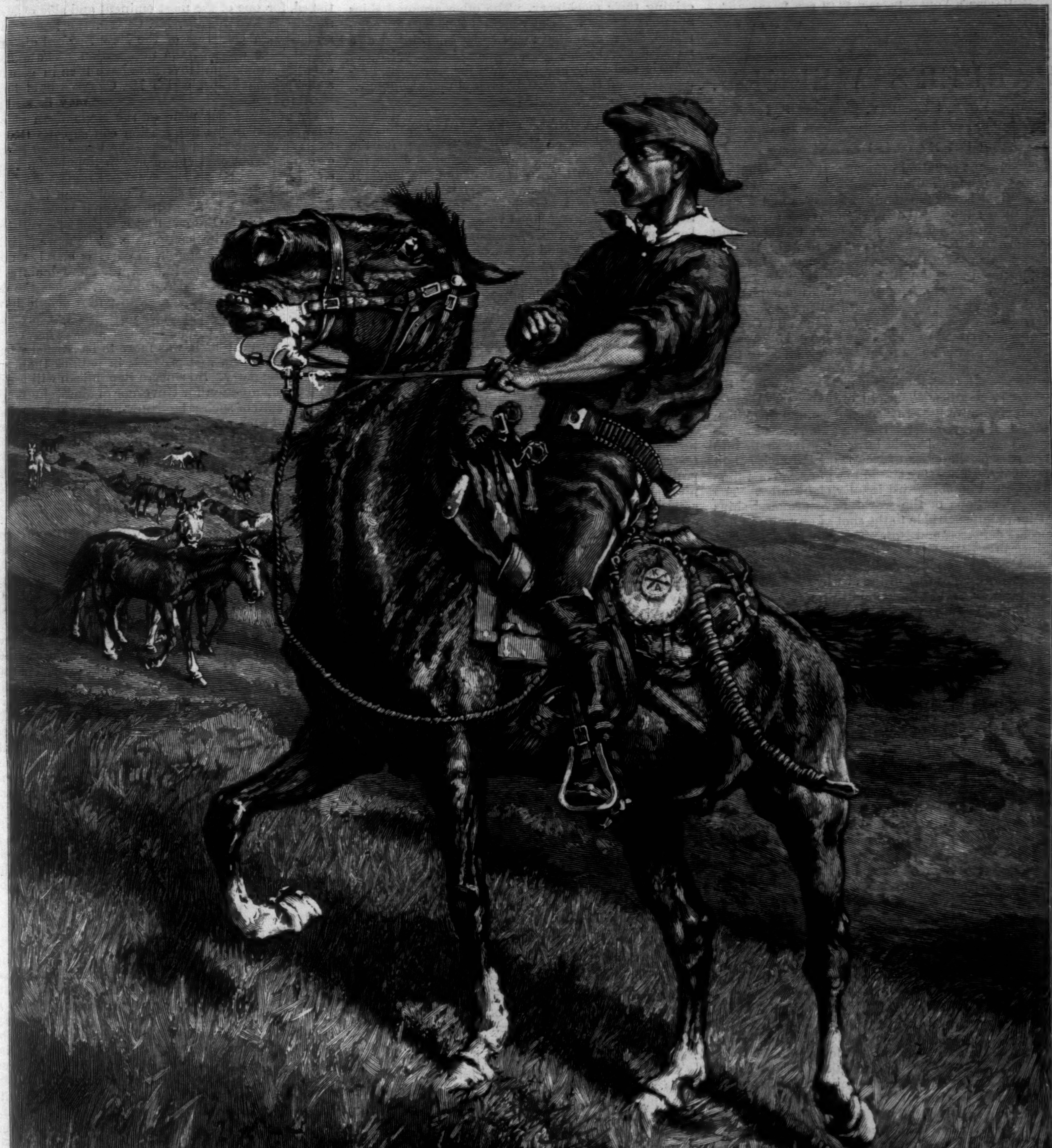


IN FROM THE NIGHT HERD.—Drawn by Frederic Remington.—[See Page 655.]

"THE BEST PERIODICAL FOR BOYS AND GIRLS."
—*Boston Journal.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

The number for October 5 opens with a short story by William O. Stoddard, *with an illustration by* P. Newell. Lord Brabourne's *serial fairy story is continued, as also is* Kirk Munroe's *"Flamingo Feather."* Mr. Thulstrup's *illustrations to this serial are remarkably graphic and true to life.*

"The Toilers Under the Sea" is the title of an article in Mrs. Herrick's *geology series. "Doll-house Bread," by* Miss Ditto, *with an illustration by* Miss McDermott, *will interest the girls, who will find it both amusing and practical.*

"THE DANCE OF THE FAIRIES"

is a full-page engraving after a drawing by F. S. Church, N.A. *It is accompanied by a poem by* Margaret Deland.

Harper's Young People, $2 00 per Year.

A specimen copy of Harper's Young People *will be sent on receipt of four cents in postage-stamps.*

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

New York, Saturday, October 9, 1886.

OUR NAVAL DEFENCES.

THE present situation of our coast defences on sea and shore is a national reproach. We are under ignominious bonds to submit to injustice and wrong, which is a situation that always invites arrogance. The letters of Mr. Tilden to Speaker Carlisle last December, and to Senator Hawley in July, the last of his public papers, the speeches of Senator Hawley, various naval reports, a little pamphlet by Mr. Joseph Nimmo, Jun., of Long Island, an article upon the United States navy and one upon United States naval artillery in Harper's Monthly for June and October respectively, state the whole case in a very clear, comprehensive, and popular form. A few striking facts illustrate the actual situation. In Harper's Weekly for August 21, 1886, there is a picture of one of the modern steel guns. The old ordnance is obsolete. The maximum range of rifled steel cannon of 16-inch calibre is thirteen miles. Such a gun, planted in Jamaica, Long Island, would hurl explosive shells into every part of the cities of New York, Brooklyn, and Jersey City. These are stationary guns. The range of the largest on shipboard is fully eight miles. The principal nations of the world have armored ships which are impenetrable to the shot of any gun in our sea-coast defences, and New York is held by the best engineering authority to be entirely unprotected against naval attack. A hostile vessel could approach within two miles of the city by the East River, and a position could be taken, in thirty feet of water, near Coney Island, from which Brooklyn, the lower part of New York, and all the shores of the harbor could be shelled. Gardner's Bay, at the east end of Long Island, could be readily seized by an enemy, and the last report of the Fortification Board says that there is no point upon the coast that would give an enemy greater naval advantages for hostile operations. This is a very dismal array of facts. Of our extreme exposure there is no more doubt than that it necessarily gives very much smaller nations enormous advantages over us, and necessitates a prompt and decided policy.

Happily General Newton, late Chief of Engineers of the Army, says in his late report that modern science has solved with mathematical certainty the problem of protecting harbors and coasts, and that the sole question in each case is that of necessity and cost. The defences consist of war ships, torpedo vessels, channel obstructions, turrets and forts, and rifled mortars. Torpedoes are now held to be auxiliary to forts. There are two systems—a navy and coast defence, and careful estimates of the cost of an adequate provision of both have been made by the Board of Fortifications. The estimate of the cost of proper coast defences at twenty-seven chief ports, including lake ports, is $126,377,800. The estimate for the city of New York is $23,948,500. The total amount for a proper navy, including a great gun factory, is about $100,000,000. This is an enormous sum. But, on the other hand, the value of destructible property in New York, Brooklyn, and Jersey City alone, according to Lieutenant Griffin, of the army, is more than two thousand five hundred millions of dollars, and the value of such property at our twelve principal ports is estimated at five thousand millions of dollars. England has already appropriated for her modern navy $150,000,000, and even Turkey more than $17,000,000.

But for our coast defences the House of Representatives at the late session provided only $550,000. The Senate, under the energetic leadership of Senator Hawley, increased the amount to $6,400,000. But the Houses could come to no agreement, and nothing was done. Mr. Tilden in his letter to Senator Hawley said that he had received more than seven hundred papers, from all parts of the country, favoring such appropriations, which he thought could be wisely made from the surplus revenue. But meanwhile the good work of an adequate navy, begun under Republican auspices, is continued by the Democratic Administration. Congress has sanctioned the construction of eighteen ships of all classes, to cost altogether something more than $20,000,000, and to be built and armed in the best manner. Seven of these ships are to be armored; three will be "protected." The other eight vessels will be: four steel cruisers, two gun-boats, one first-class torpedo-boat, and one dynamite cruiser. Of the steel cruisers, the *Dolphin*, 1500 tons, is completed, and is receiving her armament; the *Atlanta*, 3000 tons, is on her trial trip, and her armament is being tested; the *Boston*, 3000 tons, and the *Chicago*, 4500 tons, are well advanced in construction. Of the armored vessels the *Miantonomoh*, 3315 tons, will be ready for service this year; the *Puritan*, 6000 tons, is nearly ready for her armor; the *Terror*, *Amphitrite*, and *Monadnock*, 3315 tons each, are receiving their machinery. The other armored ships are not yet begun. But when all the plans are completed, the United States will be still outranked as a naval power by England, France, Germany, Russia, Austria, and Italy, and provision for proper coast defences should be persistently pressed upon Congress.

THE MAYORALTY IN NEW YORK.

THE nomination of Mr. Henry George for the Mayoralty of New York is less a practical effort for municipal reform than a labor demonstration. It is an effort to unite the various labor unions in a political movement, and to show to their members the power of their combined vote. The united membership of the societies represented in the Convention is about 63,000, and as the whole vote of the city at the Presidential election in 1884 was about 228,000, the importance of such a constituency in a municipal election, when this whole special vote would be polled and the aggregate vote would be smaller, becomes evident. The platform of Mr. George's friends is a manifesto of Mr. George's form of Socialism. It has no exclusive pertinence to municipal affairs, although they are mentioned, but it is doubtless intended to be the platform of a labor party which, if it should succeed in electing a Mayor, would at once extend and organize itself.

The general purposes announced in the platform, however, could be promoted by the election of Mr. George only indirectly by stimulating such united political action. The city is not a political community. It is a corporation created by law for the transaction of municipal business. Maintaining public order is part of that business, but the city does not even establish its own police. The George platform, however, says some things which are worthy of attention. For instance, it states that in the coming election "independent political action affords the only hope of exposing and breaking up the extortion and peculation by which a standing army of professional politicians corrupt the people whom they plunder." This is perfectly true, and it was proved by the election which broke up the Tweed Ring. The platform further says that the true purpose of government is, among other things, to give every one security that he shall enjoy the fruits of his labor, to prevent the strong from oppressing the weak, and the unscrupulous from robbing the honest. This is precisely what the boycotters and many of the strikers do, and we are glad that the Convention of the labor unions declares that the government ought to take them in hand. It would have been well also to denounce as a flagrant injustice to skilled labor the demand that the shiftless and incompetent and lazy workman should be paid the same wages as the honest and capable, and as a wrong to society that honest and industrious young men seeking work as apprentices should be arbitrarily prevented from obtaining it. The Convention also wisely declared that "the ballot is the only method by which in our republic the redress of political and social grievance is to be sought." This is a timely and conservative declaration, which gives dignity and respectability to the movement.

The nomination of Mr. George upon such a platform is a very significant sign of the situation, and as the two Democratic factions and the Republicans will each probably put forward a candidate, Mr. George's chance of election, should he be honestly supported by the associations that nominate him, is very good. He is a man of sincere convictions, with definite aims and an admirable and persuasive power of exposition, and of urbane manners. He is a printer, an editor, and an author, but his special qualifications for municipal administration are unknown to us. The nomination will be publicly offered to him at a meeting early in October, and he has already stated that he shall accept it. So much depends upon practical knowledge and skilful organization in such a contest that it is impossible to anticipate results. Mr. George's vote will be drawn largely from the Tammany faction, and Tammany therefore will probably seek an alliance with the County Democracy. Such a union could hardly present a ticket which honest and independent voters would care to support. But one thing is clear: the Independent vote at this municipal election will be very large, and it will be cast for the candidate who to high character and executive ability adds familiarity with municipal affairs, official experience, and contempt of mercenary politics.

MASSACHUSETTS.

REPUBLICAN Massachusetts, in a Convention of more than a thousand delegates—a Convention of which the most eminent Republicans in the State were members—has decided that Mr. Oliver Ames shall represent to the country and to the party Massachusetts Republicanism. Mr. Ames is the present Lieutenant-Governor, and he is, as we understand, an amiable man and a rich manufacturer, but of little public experience or ability, and of no especial qualification for the chief office in the State. He was not selected because there was no other fit candidates mentioned, for one of the most eminent and able of Massachusetts Republicans, Mr. Crapo, the late Representative in Congress of the New Bedford district, would have accepted the nomination. The Massachusetts Republican Governors have been in general a distinguished line, which Mr. Crapo would have worthily continued. But whatever may be said in favor of Mr. Ames, none of the Republican chiefs who assisted in his nomination can suppose that it tends to restore the prestige of the Republican party, or to renew national confidence in Republican leadership.

The significance of such a nomination is unmistakable, and the feeling with which it is received is not diminished by the fact that it is part of a political game including the Senatorship. The more plainly it appears that the Republican party is merely an organization for spoils and power, the more doubtful is its recovery of national ascendency. Since the defeat of 1884 the true Republican policy should have been to show by the character of the party representatives, and by the conduct of the party wherever it had the power, that it was more to be trusted as an agency of reform and progress in politics than the Democratic party. No sincere Republican will assert that the nomination for Governor of Massachusetts is the evidence of such a tendency and purpose, or that a series of such nominations throughout the country would show Independent Republicans that the party is recovering its old spirit and character, and that the mistake of the nomination of 1884 was a passing cloud. There is no Massachusetts Republican who would not have voted for Mr. Crapo; there are a great many who will not vote for Mr. Ames. The party managers may scorn to pursue a course which might recall the alienated Republican vote. But they are very poor managers who do not wish honorably to get as many votes as possible.

The Massachusetts nomination is another sign of the decadence of parties, and a forecast of a readjustment of party organization upon real questions and interests. Another sign is Mr. Sherman's declaration in Ohio that Mr. Cleveland's election and administration represent the triumph of the rebel cause, and still another is Mr. Logan's extraordinary theory of the increase of the vote for Mr. Cleveland in 1884 as derived from the stay-at-home Copperhead marriages in 1861, '2, and '3, while loyal young men in the army did not come home and marry until after the war. Such talk of Republican leaders and such Republican nominations as that for the Governorship in Massachusetts are sorry but significant signs of the Republican situation and tendency.

As against the nomination of Mr. Ames, that of Mr. Andrew is a very strong one. Mr. Andrew was a Republican who supported Mr. Cleveland, and his nomination raises the issue between approval of the President and of Mr. Ames as the representative of Republicanism.

THE PHILADELPHIA POST-OFFICE.

ONE of the most unfortunate appointments of the Administration was that of Mr. Harrity as Postmaster in Philadelphia. General Huidekoper was an experienced and competent officer, but there was a letter to a carrier showing him to be a severe party disciplinarian in the office, and he was removed, probably as an active partisan. If this were so, and he had been replaced by a capable successor who was not open to the same charge, there could have been no just complaint. But Mr. Harrity was apparently appointed because recommended by Mr. Randall, and he was recommended by Mr. Randall for the reasons which always lead politicians like Mr. Randall to select public officers, and which concern his own private service as much as the public service. The result has been disastrous. The evidence seems to be universal and conclusive—it reaches us from public and private sources—that the business of the office is in dire confusion. There are delays and irregularities of every kind, and complaints and protests from business houses and private correspondents pour in, we are informed, to the Post-office Department and to the President.

The reason of this unfortunate situation is plain. General Huidekoper was removed probably for undue political activity. This was right, if the President was satisfied of the fact. But the fact that Mr.

Randall recommended a successor should have been satisfactory evidence that the successor would be a political agent of Mr. Randall. The President, indeed, cannot know the details in all such cases. He must necessarily trust the representations which are made to him, as in the case of Collector Hedden in New York, and he cannot justly be held responsible for sometimes making a bad appointment. His true responsibility begins only when he is made aware of the facts, and the removal or resignation of Mr. Hedden was the natural result of such knowledge upon the part of the President. Yet Mr. Gorman, of Maryland, is not a more conspicuous opponent of the principles of the President than Mr. Randall, and it is impossible that acquiescence in their recommendations should not be fatal to those principles. There is no good reason why the people of Philadelphia should suffer the extreme annoyance and loss of the present situation at the Post-office. The appointment was plainly a mistake. The evidence of it is produced, and the remedy is prompt removal of the Postmaster. There is no kind of personal imputation upon him known to us, and in the case of another he would undoubtedly agree that the public is not bound to wait without complaint while he is learning how to perform his official duties and striving to gratify Mr. Randall.

In this case the Senate is quite as much at fault as the Executive. When the law prescribes a term for an officer, and the Senate has consented to his appointment, it should not consent to his removal within his term except for satisfactory reasons. If the President urges that he has such reasons, the Senate may certainly reply that until it knows them it cannot act upon them. If the President pleads his responsibility, the Senate must plead its constitutional duty. In the discredit of such an appointment as that of Morris Thomas the Senate was an equal sharer with the President, and in agreeing to the removal of officers for whose removal the Senate declared that upon inquiry it knew no adequate reason except difference of political opinion, the Republican majority abandoned the principle of reform in order to taunt the Democratic Executive with its betrayal. As we did not doubt that when the President was satisfied, upon careful inquiry, that he had been deceived in the case of the New York Collector he would promptly apply the remedy, we do not doubt that he will pursue the same course in the case of the Philadelphia Post-office.

THE EXCISE COMMISSION.

There could be no better authority upon the efficiency of the Excise Commission in the city than the Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby, whose energy, intelligence, and courage have done much to create and direct a sound public sentiment upon the honest enforcement of the liquor law. Dr. Crosby says:

> "They have recognized the fact that they were appointed to restrict and not diffuse the retail traffic in liquor. They are the first board we have ever had that recognized this fundamental principle of all excise law. They have restricted the traffic as far as the law has permitted them. Wherever an application could be rejected on account of the bad repute of the place or the applicant they have rejected it. Wherever they could find a reason for refusal in the number already existing in a locality they have done so. They have not waited for protests from indignant citizens; but have themselves initiated the most careful and searching examinations before granting licenses. Wherever the law has been broken the license has been revoked. This is the utmost that Excise Commissioners can do under the present law."

He adds:

> "It is a rare and most agreeable sight to see three gentlemen sitting in the chairs of the Excise Commissioners, men who are in sympathy with truth and righteousness, and who earnestly and honestly seek the good of the community. Let us be aware of our blessings when we have them. It is very easy for a thoughtless citizen, seeing the abominations in the city wrought by rum, to blame the Excise Commissioners. The fault is in our law. No Excise Commissioners could do better under the law than our present three are doing. They deserve the regard and encouragement of all good citizens."

FOREIGN-BORN AMERICA.

There is so much said in England of the greater Ireland beyond the sea, meaning America, and as New York has the largest Irish population of any city, and as Cleveland is in population the second of Bohemian cities, it is worth while to see from the census what are the facts in regard to the foreign-born population in this country. From a convenient summary, compiled from authentic sources, recently published in the *Voice*, it appears that 37½ per cent. of our increase in population from 1880 to 1885 was the result of immigration, and in 1885 the proportion of the foreign-born to the total population was 16.72 per cent. In 1850 it was 9.63 per cent. In the thirty years from 1850 to 1880 the proportion of the foreign-born to total population increased in thirty States, the largest increase in the proportion being in Utah, 12.95 per cent., and the smallest in Maryland, .07 per cent. The proportion decreased in seventeen States; the largest decrease in Idaho, 21.99 per cent., and the smallest, .03 per cent., in Georgia.

In 1885 there were eighteen States which had more than 20 per cent. each of foreign population, and fourteen of these were Western States, with Nevada at the head with 44.55 per cent., and the remaining four States were Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, and New York, in which States the city population is large in proportion to the whole. In 1880, of twenty cities having each more than 100,000 population, San Francisco was at the head with 44.55 per cent. of foreign-born people. Chicago followed with 40.71 per cent., Milwaukee with 39.86 per cent., New York with 39.68 per cent., and Detroit with 39.23 per cent. The Southern cities show the smallest proportion. Baltimore had but 16.89 per cent., and New Orleans but 19.04. From 1850 to 1880, while the total population of the United States increased 148 per cent., the foreign-born population has increased 331 per cent., and the chief increase is in Northern and Western States. More than 20 per cent. of the foreign-born population is found in the twenty principal cities. Five of these cities have about 40 per cent. of such population, and seven others 30 per cent. The total of this population in the country is about 10,000,000, and while the whole population has increased in the last five years about 8,000,000, the foreign immigration has been about 3,000,000.

The total Irish immigration from 1820 to the close of 1883 was a little more than 3,300,000. The larger part came between 1848 and 1870, and about 600,000 between 1870 and 1884. It is a striking fact that while Chicago and Milwaukee, which are second and third upon the list of cities with the largest foreign-born population, were the seats of the late anarchical disturbances, it was the Irish element of the police which was one of the most heroic and effective forces in suppressing the outbreak. The letter which we published a fortnight ago from an Irish American in Chicago is another illustration of the ameliorating effect of long residence in the country. It is the newly arrived and un-Americanized immigrants who are the disorderly element. Anarchy here is fostered in meetings which are animated by a foreign spirit and addressed in a foreign tongue. On the other hand, the greater Ireland beyond the sea is but a small part of the greater transatlantic English-speaking nation whose greatness has been developed from English traditions. It is an Americanized Ireland, which naturally sympathizes with its brethren in the old country, but which contemplates no un-American policy.

THE COURT OF APPEALS.

It is to be regretted that the choice of a judge of the highest court in the State of New York should not be made without opposition. The excellent practice of uniting upon judicial nominations has prevailed in New York to a considerable extent. It should have been continued in the election now pending, and it might have been if the Democratic State Committee had promptly and heartily united upon a single unexceptionable name. Such a union was prevented by factious dissensions in the Committee itself. It was generally admitted that if but one candidate was to be presented to the voters he should be a Democrat, inasmuch as he was to succeed a Democrat, and as the political balance of the court would thus be maintained. But it is asking too much of a party to require that it should recognize the pre-eminent fitness of a candidate upon the question of whose fitness his own party does not spontaneously agree.

While the competition of two candidates for such a place is unfortunate, it is fortunate that two candidates have been chosen from neither of whom the bench of our highest court can suffer injury or discredit. In character and in judicial service both Judge Daniels and Judge Peckham are worthy to rank with the judges now upon the bench, themselves for the most part fit successors of the eminent jurists who have adorned it in the past. In experience Judge Daniels has the advantage. With Republican voters he will have the further advantage of the natural disposition of men to choose the candidate of the party which, upon the whole, they prefer, even for a judicial office, when there is nothing, or little, to choose between him and his competitor in merit and fitness.

THE NEW YORK CUSTOM-HOUSE.

As we say elsewhere, the best augury of relief for the Philadelphia Post-office is the situation at the New York Custom-house. Since the movement for civil service reform began there have been five Collectors—Messrs. Arthur, Merritt, Robertson, Hedden, and Magone. The first three were Republicans, and they had an honorable regard for the laws and for the instructions of their superior officers. Within their limits they conformed to the requirements of reform, but possibly they did not believe in the divorce of the Custom-house and politics, nor in the separation of subordinate public employment from the party machine.

Mr. Hedden's appointment was a compromise and a mistake. But when the President perceived it—and his course throughout was perfectly just and considerate toward the Collector—he made a change which was a signal proof of his fidelity to his convictions. It is remarkable that in adhering to the convictions which he announced before his nomination by a Democratic Convention—the convictions to which he owed his nomination and election—he is assailed by Democrats as false to his party. The fact is that the President's policy in regard to appointments and removals is in strict accordance with the Democratic platform of 1876—a platform which of course no more proves the Democratic party to be a party of reform than similar Republican platform declarations make the Republican a reform party. But the President may justly claim—and Democratic politicians are stupid to deny it—that in reappointing Mr. Pearson as Postmaster of New York he merely enforced the Democratic declaration at St. Louis in 1876, that such offices are "posts of honor assigned for proved competency, and held for fidelity in the public employ."

It is an undeniable truth that the first thorough civil service reformer at the head of the chief Custom-house of the country, which collects two-thirds of the foreign revenues, and which has been for half a century the great partisan political head-quarters in the country, is a Democrat, appointed by a Democratic President, and cordially sustained by a Democratic Secretary of the Treasury. This is the present situation. The "bosses" and the "boys" and the "halls" no longer quarter their men in the Customs service. The strongest arguments for the Democratic party and the plainest proofs of the President's good faith and purpose are the New York Custom-house and Post-office. If the Philadelphia Post-office and Custom-house are not yet managed upon the same principles, the situation in New York is the forecast of relief.

PERSONAL.

A New-Yorker who supports a young relative at Harvard College declares that the expenses of a course of study in that institution are very much what the student chooses to make them, and that it is a mistake to suppose that they are necessarily higher than at other colleges.

—Mr. A. M. Palmer's intention of giving extra performances in the afternoons at the Madison Square Theatre provides for the presentation of many new American plays which otherwise would never see the light. Those of them that bear the test will have further opportunities of pleasing the public and profiting the authors.

—Mr. Potter Palmer, of Chicago, having learned that a firm of decorators had lost money in carrying out a contract to finish one of the rooms in his new house on Lake Michigan, forwarded his check for $1000 to the firm without solicitation on their part. He explained to a friend that had he not done so he would feel that he was defrauding the firm.

—In his first political speech General Grant confessed himself unaccustomed to public speaking and "without the desire to cultivate that power"; but practice soon made him an adept.

—A successful lawyer was asked to run for Congress, but declined, on the ground that if elected he would henceforth feel superior to trying a case of horse-stealing, and that he wanted to do nothing that would make him feel too big for his profession.

—The Rev. Herman Vanderwart, pastor of the Dutch Church in Hackensack, New Jersey, recently preached a sermon commemorative of the two-hundredth anniversary of the erection of the edifice. The auditorium was decorated with the flags of Holland and the United States.

—"As to anybody taking the *America's* cup," says ex-Commodore James D. Smith, "I have got to thinking that the spirit pervading American yachtsmen is such as to render them about invincible against all comers."

—The proprietor of a celebrated restaurant out West is described by a local journal as being, in appearance and dress, a combination of an English lord, a United States Senator, an American poet, and a French painter.

—A profitable attraction of several State and county industrial exhibitions this season has been the public marriage of a young couple within the walls of the building. Governor Hill recently signed the marriage certificate on such an occasion, and the Hon. R. P. Flower saluted the bride and presented the groom with three ten dollar bills on another occasion. The managers of some of the exhibitions, together with the principal exhibitors, have given the happy pairs a series of valuable wedding presents. It is expected that next year the custom will be general.

—Dr. N. S. Davis, the Nestor of Chicago physicians, had a reception which was attended by more than one hundred of his professional associates on his return from Europe recently. Dr. Davis is a noted worker in temperance circles, and has for nearly half a century been prominent in the councils of the Methodist Church.

—Managers insist that it is a mistake for a theatrical star to play in combination with another star. It accustoms the public to too much of a good thing, and when either star plays afterward alone, his audience is impatient because the support is inferior to what it once was. Those who have seen Salvini and Booth play together in *Othello* will, they say, experience a sense of disappointment at seeing either of these great actors in that drama unaccompanied by the other.

—The costly residence of Mr. James C. Flood, of San Francisco, is nearly ready for occupancy. It has been building for over two years. The house is of Connecticut brown stone. The cost of the building and decorations is estimated at $2,000,000.

—Mayor Harrison, of Chicago, is a Kentuckian, and dresses in the blue-grass region fashion. He wears a slouch hat on all outdoor occasions.

—The Rev. "Sam" Jones has written to friends in San Francisco that he proposes soon to go out to the Pacific coast and arouse the unrepentant.

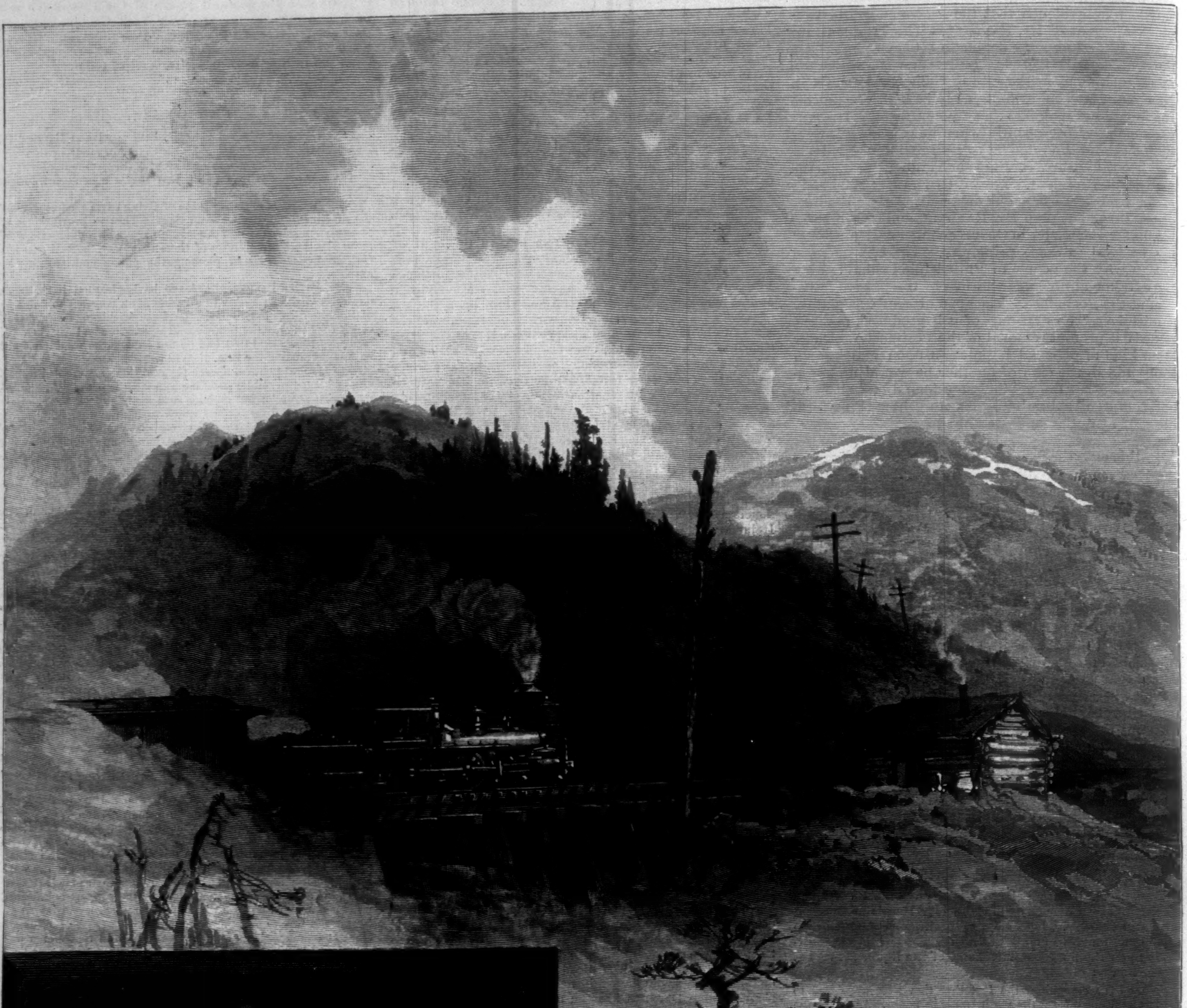
—General Van Buren, ex-United States Consul-General to Japan, has written a letter to Secretary Bayard protesting against the trial and conviction in Yokohama of Captain Fullert, a German subject upon whose schooner the defaulting Paymaster Watkins of our navy was captured. Van Buren declares that the United States Consular Court in Japan had no jurisdiction over the case, and that the conviction was also illegal in that there was no proof that Fullert knew Watkins was a deserter. The case has excited much interest in Japan, and it will no doubt be reopened.

—Dwight H. Olmstead and General Francis A. Walker are perfecting plans for the college buildings which Senator Stanford, of California, proposes to erect at his Palo Alto ranch in the heart of the Santa Clara Valley. It is thought that work will be begun in a few weeks on what promises to be one of the largest industrial colleges in the country.

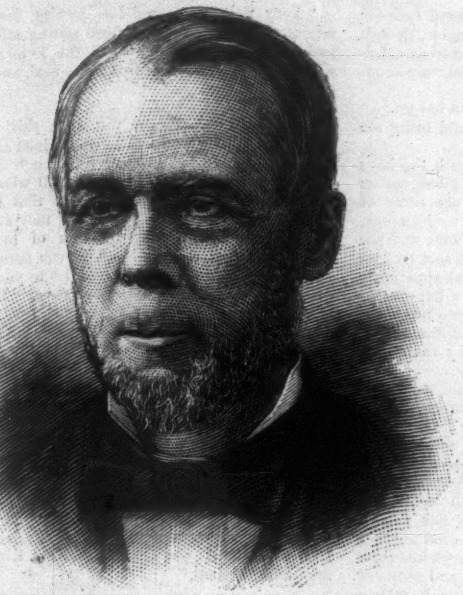
—There is an attractive field for the ethnologist and the paleontologist in the islands which fringe the coast of southern California. All abound in remains of little-known animals and birds and in relics of the early Indian dwellers on the Pacific coast. One of the richest in these remains is San Nicolas, which is uninhabited, and is visited only at rare intervals. It is celebrated in tradition as the home of an Indian woman who spent eighteen years there in solitude. She was finally discovered by a Santa Barbara fisherman, who carried her to his home. She had gone on a fishing expedition with her tribe, and having accidentally left her baby on the island, had returned to get it, and had been abandoned. In her long Crusoe life she forgot her native tongue, and became as wild as the animals she captured for food. Civilization proved fatal to her, as she died two months after her rescue.

—Mr. Archie Fisher, of Chicago, who purchased the famous schooner yacht *Idler* in New York three years ago, has not had her in commission this year. Pleasure-sailing on Lake Michigan has so little to recommend it that even enthusiastic yachtsmen have given up the sport. The *Idler* is the only first-class schooner yacht that has ever been owned in Chicago.

—Miss Kate Claxton denies that after the Brooklyn Theatre fire, where she nearly lost her life, she encountered fires in several other theatres. Her only additional experience at fires was when the St. Louis Hotel burned down; but if a stove-pipe in a theatre where she was acting got hot, or a lighted match fell to the floor, the newspapers were sure to make a sensational paragraph about it. She has never relished the notoriety that the Brooklyn Theatre fire gave her, although it was the means of putting thousands of dollars into her pockets. For some years she has been managing a dramatic company of her own, and she predicts that a fortune awaits the man who will invent some new method of theatrical advertising to take the place of the huge bill-boards and shop-window cartoons, which of late have become most extravagantly expensive.



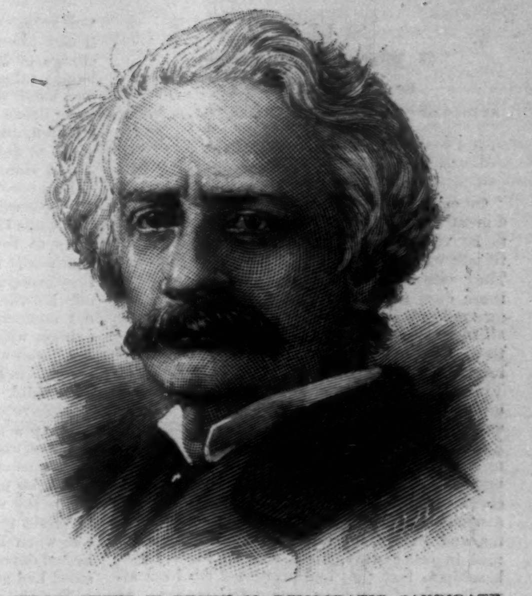
OVER THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS ON THE NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM.—[SEE PAGE 655.]



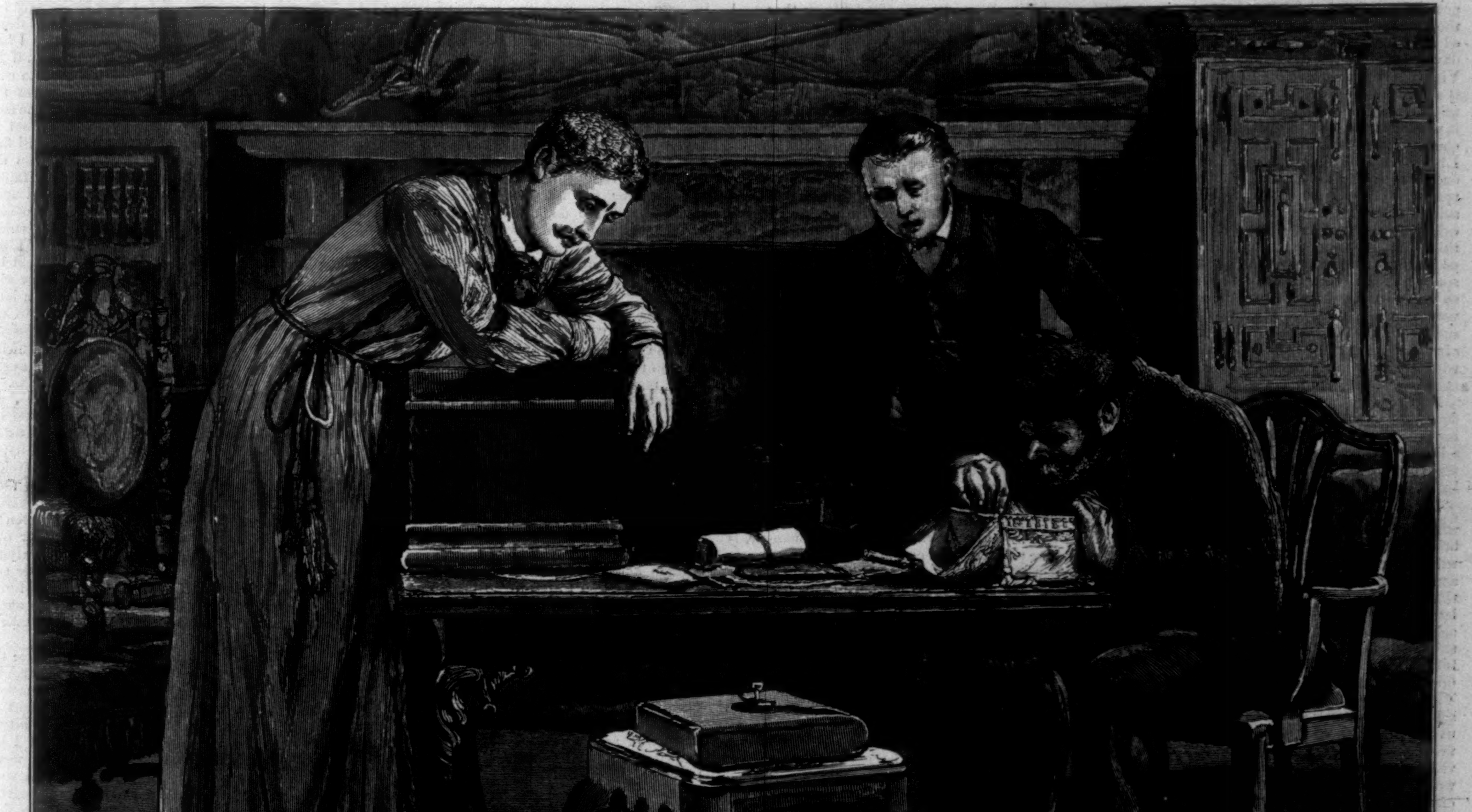
JUDGE CHARLES DANIELS, REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR JUDGE OF THE COURT OF APPEALS.
[SEE PAGE 647.]

THE FOUNDER OF THE BOSTON "POST."

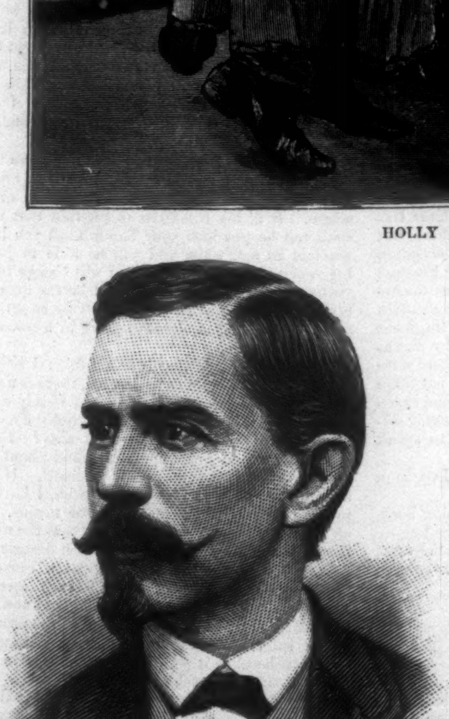
CHARLES GORDON GREENE, who died in Boston, September 27, came of good New Hampshire stock, having been born in Boscawen, July 1, 1804, his father, **NATHANIEL GREENE**, being a lawyer, an uncle having been at one time Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court of the State, and his elder brother, **NATHANIEL**, having early taken up journalism as a business, for it had scarcely then become a profession. His father died when he was about eight years old, but he was sent to school at Bradford Academy. When he was thirteen his brother took him from school and set him to learn the printer's trade in the office of his own paper, the Essex *Patriot*. In 1821 **NATHANIEL**, at the suggestion of some leading Democrats, came to Boston, and began to publish the weekly *Statesman*, calling to him **CHARLES** as an assistant in the publication. In 1827 the younger brother went to Philadelphia, and with **JAMES A. JONES** brought out the *National Palladium*, which was the first daily newspaper in Pennsylvania to advocate the Presidency of **ANDREW JACKSON**. In 1828 he had won an important place on the then leader of the Democratic press, the *United States Telegraph*, of Washington. But Boston was his home and the centre of his interests after all, and he soon returned there, to found the *Post*, the first number of which appeared on November 9, 1831. The *Post* represented truly the character, principles, and views of its founder from that time until he sold it in 1875. President **PIERCE** made Mr. **GREENE** Naval Officer of Boston, and **BUCHANAN** reappointed him. In all these years the paper had been growing; its staff was large, its talent well maintained, and it was read everywhere—by the Democrats for its politics, and by men of other parties for its spicy "All Sorts," which Colonel **GREENE** devised, thus setting an example which the myriad paragraphers of to-day follow. In politics Colonel **GREENE** was honest, courteous, fair, and high-minded. Satire and jest were accepted weapons as well as logic and exhortation; but scurrility, meanness, and brutality were never tolerated, and though his opinions might be unacceptable, his tone and temper were welcome. When the rebellion broke out he resigned his place in the Custom-house, and threw all the weight of his personal and professional influence on the side of the Union.



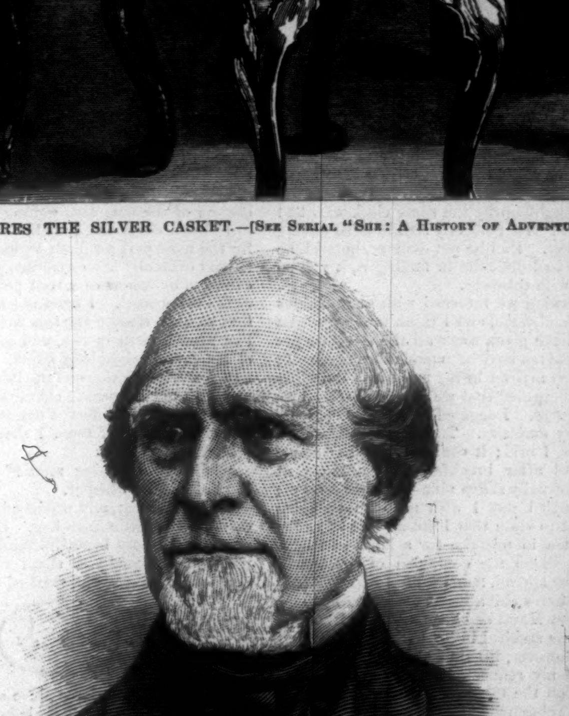
JUDGE RUFUS W. PECKHAM, DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR JUDGE OF THE COURT OF APPEALS.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY SARONY.—[SEE PAGE 647.]



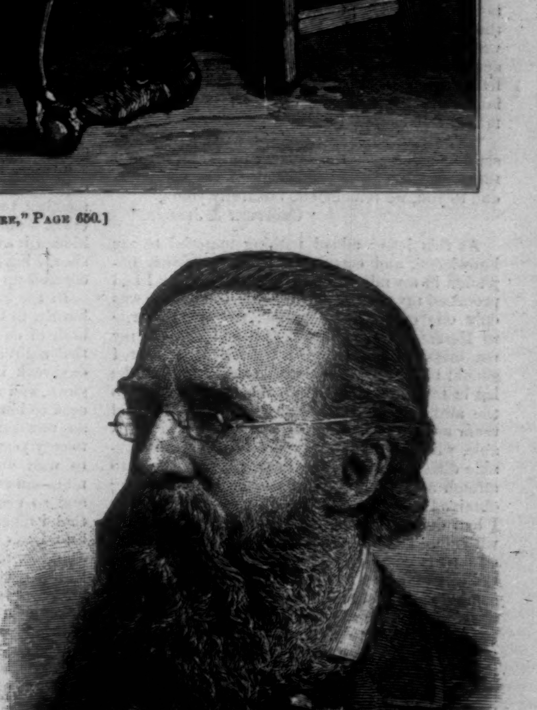
HOLLY EXPLORES THE SILVER CASKET.—[SEE SERIAL "SHE: A HISTORY OF ADVENTURE," PAGE 650.]



JOHN ESTEN COOKE.—[SEE PAGE 651.]



CHARLES GORDON GREENE.



JUSTIN McCARTHY.—[SEE PAGE 658.]

SHE:*

A History of Adventure.

By H. RIDER HAGGARD,

Author of "King Solomon's Mines," "Jess," etc.

II.

THE YEARS ROLL BY.

Of course poor Vincey's sudden death created a great stir in the College; but as he was known to be very ill, and a satisfactory doctor's certificate was forth-coming, there was no inquest. They were not so particular about inquests in those days as they are now; indeed, they were generally disliked, as causing a scandal. Under all these circumstances, as I was asked no questions, I did not feel called upon to volunteer any information about our interview of the night of Vincey's decease, beyond saying that he had come into my rooms to see me, as he often did. On the day of the funeral a lawyer came down from London and followed my poor friend's remains to the grave, and then went back with his papers and effects, excepting, of course, the iron chest which had been left in my keeping. For a week after this I heard no more of the matter, and, indeed, my attention was amply occupied in other ways, for I was up for my Fellowship, a fact that had prevented me from attending the funeral, or seeing the lawyer. At last, however, the examination was over, and I came back to my rooms and sank into an easy-chair with a happy consciousness that I had got through it very fairly. Soon, however, my thoughts, relieved of the pressure that had crushed them into a single groove during the last few days, turned to the events of the night of poor Vincey's death, and again I asked myself what it all meant, and wondered if I should hear anything more of the matter, and, if I did not, what it would be my duty to do with the curious iron chest. I sat there, and thought and thought till I began to grow quite disturbed over the whole occurrence: the mysterious midnight visit, the prophecy of death so shortly to be fulfilled, the solemn oath that I had taken, and which he had called on me to answer for in another world to this. Had the man committed suicide? It looked like it. And what was the quest of which he spoke? The circumstances were almost uncanny, so much so that, though I am by no means nervous, or apt to be alarmed at anything that may seem to cross the bounds of the natural, I grew afraid, and began to wish I had had nothing to do with it. How much more do I wish it now, over twenty years afterward!

As I sat and thought, there was a knock at the door, and a letter in a big blue envelop was brought in to me. I saw at a glance that it was a lawyer's letter, and an instinct told me that it was connected with my trust. The letter, which I still have, runs thus:

"Sir,—Our client, the late M. L. Vincey, Esq., who died on the 9th instant in —— College, Cambridge, has left behind him a will, of which you will please find copy enclosed, and of which we are the executors. By this will you will perceive that you take a life-interest in about half of the late Mr. Vincey's property, now invested in Consols, subject to your acceptance of the guardianship of his only son, Leo Vincey, at present an infant, aged five. Had we not ourselves drawn up the document in question in obedience to Mr. Vincey's clear and precise instructions, both personal and written, and had he not then assured us that he had very good reasons for what he was doing, we are bound to tell you that its provisions seem to us of so unusual a nature that we should have felt bound to call the attention of the Court of Chancery to them, in order that such steps might be taken as seemed desirable to it, either by contesting the capacity of the testator or otherwise, to safeguard the interests of the infant. As it is, knowing that the testator was a gentleman of the highest intelligence and acumen, and that he has absolutely no relations living to whom he could have confided the guardianship of the child, we do not feel justified in taking this course.

"Awaiting such instructions as you please to send us as regards the delivery of the infant and the payment of the proportion of the dividends due to you, we remain, sir, faithfully yours,—

"Geoffrey & Jordan."

As this letter added nothing material to my knowledge, and certainly raised no further objection in my mind to undertaking the task I had promised my dead friend to undertake, there was only one course open to me, namely, to write to Messrs. Geoffrey & Jordan, and express my readiness to enter on the trust, stating that I should be willing to undertake the charge of the lad in ten days' time. This done, I proceeded to the authorities of my College, and having told them as much of the story as I considered desirable, which was not very much, after considerable difficulty succeeded in persuading them to stretch a point, and, in the event of my having obtained a Fellowship, which I was pretty certain I had done, allow me to have the child to live with me. Their consent, however, was only granted on the condition that I vacated my rooms in College, and took lodgings. This I did, and with some difficulty succeeded in obtaining very good apartments quite close to the College gates. The next thing was to find a nurse. And on this point I came to a determination. I would have no woman to lord it over me about the child, and steal his affections from me. The boy was old enough to do without female assistance, so I set to work to hunt up a suitable male attendant. With some difficulty I succeeded in hiring a most respectable round-faced young man, who had been a helper in a hunting-stable, but who said that he was one of a family of seventeen and well accustomed to the ways of children, and professed himself quite willing to undertake the charge of Master Leo when he arrived. Then, having taken the iron box to town, and with my own hands deposited it at my banker's, I bought some books upon the health and management of children, and read them, first to myself, and then aloud to Job—that was the young man's name—and waited.

In a very little while (for, as I expected, I got my Fellowship) the boy became the favorite of the whole College—where all orders and regulations to the contrary notwithstanding, he was continually in and out—a sort of chartered libertine, in whose favor all rules were relaxed. The offerings made at his shrine were simply without number, and I had a serious difference of opinion with one old resident Fellow, now long dead, who was usually supposed to be the crustiest man in the University, and to abhor the sight of a child. And yet I discovered, when a frequently recurring fit of sickness had forced Job to keep a strict lookout, that this unprincipled old man was in the habit of enticing the boy to his rooms and there feeding him upon unlimited quantities of brandy-balls, and making him promise to say nothing about it. Job told him that he ought to be ashamed of himself, "at his age, too, when he might have been a grandfather if he had done what was right," by which Job understood had got married, and thence arose the row.

The child grew into the boy, and the boy into the young man, as one by one the remorseless years flew by, and as he grew and increased, so did his beauty and the beauty of his mind grow with him. When he was about fifteen they used to call him Beauty about the College, and me they nicknamed the Beast. Beauty and the Beast was what they called us when we went out walking together, as we used to every day. Once Leo attacked a great strapping butcher's-man, twice his size, because he sung it out after us, and thrashed him too—thrashed him fairly. I walked on and pretended not to see, till the combat got too exciting, when I turned round and cheered him on to victory. It was the chaff of the College at the time, but I could not help it. Then when he was a little older the undergraduates got fresh names for us. They called me Charon, and Leo the Greek god. I will pass over my own appellation with the humble remark that I was never handsome, and did not grow more so as I grew older. As for his, there was no doubt about its fitness. Leo at twenty-one might have stood for a statue of Apollo. I never saw anybody to touch him in looks, or anybody so absolutely unconscious of them. As for his mind, he was brilliant and keen-witted, but not a scholar. He had not the dulness necessary for that result. We followed out his father's instructions as regards his education strictly enough, and on the whole the results, especially so far as the Greek and Arabic went, were satisfactory. I learnt the latter language in order to help to teach it to him, but after five years of it he knew it as well as I did—almost as well as the professor who instructed us both. I always was a great sportsman—it is my one passion—and every autumn we went away somewhere shooting or fishing, sometimes to Scotland, sometimes to Norway, once even to Russia. I am a good shot, but even in this he learnt to excel me. When Leo was eighteen I moved back into my rooms, and entered him at my own College, and at twenty-one he took his degree—a respectable degree, but not a very high one. Then it was that I, for the first time, told him something of his own story, and of the mystery that loomed ahead. Of course he was very curious about it, and of course I explained to him that his curiosity could not be gratified at present. After that, to pass the time away, I suggested that he should get himself called to the bar; and this he did, reading at Cambridge, and only going up to London to eat his dinners.

And so the time went by, till at last he reached his twenty-fifth birthday, at which date this strange, and in some ways awful, history really begins.

III.

THE SHERD OF AMENARTAS.

On the day preceding Leo's twenty-fifth birthday we both proceeded to London, and extracted the mysterious chest from the bank where I had deposited it twenty years before. It was, I remember, brought up by the same clerk who had taken it down. He perfectly remembered having hidden it away. Had he not done so, he said, he should have had difficulty in finding it, it was so covered up with cobwebs.

In the evening we returned with our precious burden to Cambridge, and I think that we might both of us have given away all the sleep we got that night and not have been much the poorer. At daybreak Leo arrived in my room in a dressing-gown, and suggested that we should at once proceed to business. I scouted the idea as showing an unworthy curiosity. The chest had waited twenty years, I said; it could very well continue to wait until after breakfast. Accordingly at nine—an unusually sharp nine—we breakfasted; and so occupied was I with my own thoughts that I regret to state that I put a piece of bacon into Leo's tea in mistake for a lump of sugar. Job, too, to whom the contagion of excitement had of course spread, managed to break the handle off my Sèvres china teacup, the identical one, I believe, that Marat had been drinking from just before he was stabbed in his bath.

At last, however, breakfast was cleared away, and Job, at my request, fetched the chest, and placed it upon the table in a somewhat gingerly fashion, as though he mistrusted it. Then he prepared to leave the room.

"Stop a moment, Job," I said; "if Mr. Leo has no objection, I should prefer to have an independent witness to this business, who can be relied upon to hold his tongue unless he is asked to speak."

"Certainly, Uncle Horace," answered Leo, for I had brought him up to call me uncle, though he varied the appellation somewhat disrespectfully by calling me "old fellow," or even "my avuncular relative."

Job touched his head, not having a hat on.

"Lock the door, Job," I said, "and bring me my despatch-box."

He obeyed, and from the box I took the keys that poor Vincey, Leo's father, had given me on the night of his death. There were three of them: the largest a comparatively modern key, the second an exceedingly ancient one, and the third entirely unlike anything of the sort that we had ever seen before, being fashioned apparently from a strip of solid silver, with a bar placed across to serve as a handle, and some nicks cut in the edge of the bar. It was more like a model of some antediluvian railway key than anything else.

"Now are you both ready?" I said, as people do when they are going to fire a mine. There was no answer, so I took the big key, rubbed some salad-oil into the wards, and after one or two bad shots, for my hands were shaking, managed to fit it, and shoot the lock. Leo bent over and caught the massive lid in both his hands, and, with an effort, for the hinges had rusted, leaned it back. Its removal revealed another case covered with dust. This we extracted from the iron chest without any difficulty, and removed the accumulated filth of years from it with a clothes-brush.

It was, or appeared to be, of ebony, or some such close-grained black wood, and was bound in every direction with flat bands of iron. Its antiquity must have been extreme, for the dense, heavy wood was actually in parts commencing to crumble away from age.

"Now for it," I said, inserting the second key.

Job and Leo bent forward in breathless silence. The key turned, and I flung back the lid, and uttered an exclamation, as did the others, and no wonder, for inside the ebony case was a magnificent silver casket, about twelve inches square by eight high. It appeared to be of Egyptian workmanship, for the four legs were formed of sphinxes, and the dome-shaped cover was also surmounted by a sphinx. The casket was of course much tarnished and dinted with age, but otherwise in almost perfect condition.

I drew it out and set it on the table, and then, in the midst of the most perfect silence, I inserted the strange-looking silver key, and pressed this way and that, until at last the lock yielded and the casket stood open before us. It was filled to the brim with some brown shredded material, more like vegetable fibre than paper, the nature of which I have never been able to discover. This I carefully removed to the depth of some three inches, when I came to a letter enclosed in an ordinary modern-looking envelop, and addressed in the handwriting of my dead friend Vincey:

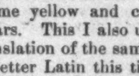
"To my son Leo, should he live to open this casket."

I handed the letter to Leo, who glanced at the envelop and then put it down upon the table, making a motion to me to go on emptying the casket.

The next thing that I came to was a parchment carefully rolled up. I unrolled it, and seeing that it was also in Vincey's handwriting, and headed "Translation of the Uncial Greek Writing on the Potsherd," put it down by the letter. Then followed another ancient roll of parchment, that had become yellow and crinkled with the passage of years. This I also unrolled. It was likewise a translation of the same Greek original, but in black-letter Latin this time, and appeared to me from the style and character to date from the end of the fifteenth, or perhaps the middle of the sixteenth, century. Immediately beneath this roll was something hard and heavy, wrapped up in yellow linen, and reposing upon another layer of the fibrous material. Slowly and carefully we unrolled the linen, exposing to view a very large but undoubtedly ancient potsherd of a dirty yellow color! This potsherd had in my judgment once been a part of an ordinary amphora of medium size. For the rest, it measured eleven inches in length by ten in width, was about a quarter of an inch thick, and densely covered on the convex side, that lay toward the bottom of the box, with writing in the later Uncial Greek character, faded here and there, but for the most part perfectly legible, the inscription having evidently been executed with the greatest care, and by means of a reed pen, such as the ancients often used. I must not forget to mention that in some remote age this wonderful fragment had been broken in two, and rejoined by means of cement and eight long rivets. Also there were numerous inscriptions on the inner side, but these were of the most erratic character, and had clearly been made by different hands and in many different ages, and of them I shall have to speak presently.

"Is there anything more?" asked Leo, in a kind of excited whisper.

I groped about, and produced something hard, done up in a little linen bag. Out of the bag we took, first, a very beautiful miniature done upon ivory, and secondly, a small chocolate-colored composition *scarabæus*, marked thus:



symbols which, we have since ascertained, mean "Suten se Rā," which is, being translated, the "Royal Son of Rā, or the Sun." The miniature was a picture of Leo's Greek mother—a lovely, dark-eyed creature. On the back of it was written, in poor Vincey's handwriting, "My beloved wife, died May, 1856."

"That is all," I said.

"Very well," answered Leo, putting down the miniature, at which he had been gazing affectionately; "and now let us read the letter;" and without further ado he broke the seal, and read aloud as follows:

"My Son Leo,—When you open this, if you ever live to do so, you will have attained to manhood, and I shall have been long enough dead to be absolutely forgotten by nearly all who knew me. Yet in reading it remember that I have been, and for anything you know may still be, and that in it, through this link of pen and paper, I stretch out my hand to you across the gulf of death, and my voice speaks to you from the unutterable silence of the grave. Though I am dead, and no memory of me remains in your mind, yet am I with you in this hour that you read. Since your birth to this day I have scarcely seen your face. Forgive me this. Your life supplanted the life of one whom I loved better than women are often loved, and the bitterness of it endureth yet. Had I lived I should in time have conquered this foolish feeling, but I am not destined to live. My sufferings, physical and mental, are more than I can bear, and when such small arrangements as I have to make for your future well-being are completed it is my intention to put a period to them. May God forgive me if I do wrong! At the best I could not live more than another year."

"So he killed himself!" I exclaimed. "I thought so."

"And now," Leo went on, without replying, "enough of myself. What has to be said belongs to you, who live, not to me, who am dead, and almost as much forgotten as though I had never been. Holly, my friend (to whom, if he will accept the trust, it is my intention to confide you), will have told you something of the extraordinary antiquity of your race. In the contents of this casket you will find sufficient to prove it. The strange legend that you will find inscribed by your remote ancestress upon the potsherd was communicated to me by my father on his death-bed, and took a strong hold upon my imagination. When I was only nineteen years of age I determined—as, to his misfortune, did one of our ancestors about the time of Elizabeth—to investigate its truth. Into all that befell me I cannot enter now. But this I saw with my own eyes. On the coast of Africa, in a hitherto unexplored region, some distance to the north of where the Zambesi falls into the sea, there is a headland, at the extremity of which a peak towers up, shaped like the head of a negro, similar to that of which the writing speaks. I landed there, and learnt from a wandering native, who had been cast out by his people because of some crime which he had committed, that far inland are great mountains, shaped like cups, and caves surrounded by measureless swamps. I learnt also that the people there speak a dialect of Arabic, and are ruled over by a *beautiful white woman*, who is seldom seen by them, but who is reported to have power over all things living and dead. Two days after I had ascertained this the man died of fever contracted in crossing the swamps, and I was forced by want of provisions and by symptoms of the illness which afterward prostrated me to take to my dhow again.

"Of the adventures that befell me after this I need not now speak. I was wrecked upon the coast of Madagascar, and rescued some months afterward by an English ship that brought me to Aden, whence I started for England, intending to prosecute my search as soon as I had made sufficient preparations. On my way I stopped in Greece, and there, for 'omnia vincit amor,' I met your beloved mother, and married her, and there you were born and she died. Then it was that my last illness seized me, and I returned hither to die. But still I hoped against hope, and set myself to work to learn Arabic, with the intention, should I ever get better, of returning to the coast of Africa, and solving the mystery of which the tradition has lived so many centuries in our family. But I have not got better, and, so far as I am concerned, the story is at an end.

"For you, however, my son, it is not at an end, and to you I hand on these the results of my labor, together with the hereditary proofs of its origin. It is my intention to provide that they shall not be put into your hands until you have reached an age when you will be able to judge for yourself whether or no you will choose to investigate what, if it is true, must be the greatest mystery in the world, or to put it by as an idle fable, originating in the first place in a woman's disordered brain.

"I do not believe that it is a fable; I believe that, if it can only be rediscovered, there is a spot where the vital forces of the world visibly exist. Life exists; why, therefore, should not the means of preserving it indefinitely exist also? But I have no wish to prejudice your mind about the matter. Read and judge for yourself. If you are inclined to undertake the search, I have so provided that you will not lack for means. If, on the other hand, you are satisfied that the whole thing is a chimera, then I adjure you destroy the potsherd and the writings, and let a cause of troubling be removed from our race forever. Perhaps that will be wisest. The unknown is generally taken to be terrible, not, as the proverb would infer, from the inherent superstition of man, but because it so often is terrible. He who would tamper with the vast and secret forces that animate the world may well fall a victim to them. And if the end were attained, if at last you emerged from the trial ever beautiful and ever young, defying time and evil, and lifted above the natural decay of flesh and intellect, who shall say that the awesome change would prove a happy one? Choose, my son, and may the Power who rules all things, and who says 'Thus far shalt thou go, and

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1554.

thus much shalt thou learn,' direct the choice to your own happiness and the happiness of the world, which, in the event of your success, you would one day certainly rule by the pure force of accumulated experience. Farewell!"

Thus the letter, which was unsigned and undated, abruptly ended.

"What do you make of that, Uncle Holly?" said Leo, with a sort of gasp, as he replaced it on the table. "We have been looking for a mystery, and we certainly seem to have found one."

"What do I make of it? Why, that your poor dear father was off his head, of course," I answered, testily. "I guessed as much that night, twenty years ago, when he came into my room. You see, he evidently hurried his own end, poor man. It is absolute balderdash."

"That's it, sir," said Job, solemnly. Job was a most matter-of-fact specimen of a matter-of-fact class.

"Well, let's see what the potsherd has to say, at any rate," said Leo, taking up the translation in his father's writing, and commencing to read:

"I, Amenartas, of the Royal House of Hakor, a Pharaoh of Egypt, wife of Kallikrates (the Strong and Beautiful, or the Beautiful in Strength), a Priest of Isis, whom the gods cherish and the demons obey, being about to die, to my little son Tisisthenes (the Mighty Avenger). I fled with thy father from Egypt in the days of Nekht-nebf,* causing him through love to break the vows that he had vowed. We fled southward, across the waters, and we wandered for twice twelve moons on the coast of Libya (Africa) that looks toward the rising sun, where by a river is a great rock carven like the head of an Ethiopian. Four days on the water from the mouth of a mighty river were we cast away, and some were drowned and some died of sickness. But us wild men took through wastes and marshes, where the sea-fowl hid the sky, bearing us ten days' journey, till we came to a hollow mountain, where a great city had been and fallen, and where there are caves of which no man hath seen the end; and they brought us to the Queen of the people who place pots upon the heads of strangers, who is a magician having a knowledge of all things, and life and loveliness that does not die. And she cast eyes of love upon thy father, Kallikrates, and would have slain me, and taken him to husband, but he loved me and feared her, and would not. Then did she take us, and lead us by terrible ways, by means of dark magic, to where the great pit is, in the mouth of which the old philosopher lay dead, and showed to us the rolling Pillar of Life that dies not, whereof the voice is as the voice of thunder, and did stand in the flames, and come forth unharmed, and yet more beautiful. Then did she swear to make thy father undying, even as she is, if he would but slay me and give himself to her, for me she could not slay because of the magic of my own people that I have, and that prevailed thus far against her. And he held his hand before his eyes to hide her beauty, and would not. Then in her rage did she smite him by her magic, and he died; but she wept over him, and bore him thence with lamentations, and being afraid, me she sent to the mouth of the great river where the ships come, and I was carried far away on the ships, where I gave thee birth, and hither to Athens I came at last after many wanderings. Now I say to thee, my son, Tisisthenes, seek out the woman, and learn the secret of life, and if thou mayst find a way slay her, because of thy father Kallikrates; and if thou dost fear or fail, this I say to all of thy seed who come after thee, till at last a brave man be found among them who shall bathe in the fire and sit in the place of the Pharaohs. I speak of those things that, though they be past belief, yet I have known, and I lie not."

"May the Lord forgive her for that!" groaned Job, who had been listening to this marvellous composition with his mouth open.

As for myself, I said nothing; my first idea being that my poor friend, being demented, had composed the whole thing, though it scarcely seemed likely that such a story could have been invented by anybody. It was too original. To solve my doubts I took up the potsherd and commenced to read the close uncial Greek writing on it, and beautiful Greek it is to have been written by an Egyptian born. The translation was, as I discovered on further investigation, both accurate and elegant.

Besides the uncial writing on the convex side of the sherd, at the top, painted in dull red, on what had once been the lip of the amphora, was the cartouche already mentioned as being on the *scarabæus*, which we had also found in the casket. The hieroglyphics, or symbols, however, were reversed, just as though they had been pressed on wax. Whether this was the cartouche of the original Kallikrates, or of some Prince or Pharaoh from whom his wife Amenartas was descended, I am not sure, nor can I tell if it was drawn upon the sherd at the same time that the uncial Greek was inscribed, or copied on more recently from the scarab by some other member of the family. Nor was this all. At the foot of the writing, painted in the same dull red, was the outline of a somewhat rude drawing of a sphinx wearing two feathers, symbols of majesty, which, though common enough upon the effigies of sacred bulls and gods, I have never before met with on a sphinx.

On the right-hand side of this surface of the sherd, painted obliquely in bright red on the space not covered by the uncial, and signed in blue paint, was the following quaint inscription:

IN EARTH AND SKIE AND SEA
STRANGE THYNGES THER BE.
HOC FECIT
DOROTHEA VINCEY.

Perfectly bewildered, I turned the relic over. It was covered from top to bottom with notes and signatures in Greek, Latin, and English. The first in uncial Greek was by Tisisthenes, the son to whom the writing was addressed. It was: "I cannot go. To thee, my son Kallikrates."

This Kallikrates (probably, in the Greek fashion, so named after his grandfather) evidently made some attempt to start on the quest, for his entry, written in very faint and almost illegible uncial, is: "I started to seek, but the gods were against me. To thee, my son."

Between these two ancient writings, the second of which was inscribed upside down—that, had it not been for the transcript of them executed by Vincey, I should not have been able to read, since, owing to their having been written on that portion of the tile which had, in the course of ages, undergone the most handling, they were nearly worn out—was the bold, modern-looking signature of one Lionel Vincey, "Ætate suo 17," which was written thereon, I think, by Leo's grandfather. To the right of this were the initials "J. B. V.," and below came a variety of Greek signatures, in uncial and cursive character, and what appeared to be some repetitions of the sentence "to thee my son," showing that the relic has been passed on from generation to generation.

The next legible thing after the Greek signatures was the word "Romae, a.u.c.," showing that the family had now migrated to Rome. Unfortunately, however, the date of their settlement there is forever lost, for just where it had been placed a piece of the potsherd is broken away.

Then followed a dozen or more of Latin signatures, jotted about here and there, wherever there was a space upon the tile suitable to their inscription. These signatures were, almost without exception, ended with the name "Vindex," or "the Avenger," which seems to have been adopted by the family after its migration to Rome as a kind of equivalent to the Grecian "Tisisthenes," which also means an avenger. Ultimately, of course, this Latin cognomen of Vindex was transformed, first into De Vincey and then into the plain modern Vincey. It is very curious to observe how the idea of revenge, inspired by an Egyptian before the time of Christ, is thus, as it were, embalmed in an English family name.

A few of the Roman names inscribed upon the sherd I have actually since found mentioned in history and other records. They were, if I remember right,

MVSSIVS. VINDEX
SEX. VARIVS. MARVLLVS.
C. FVFIDIVS. C. F. VINDEX.

and

LABERIA POMPEIANA. CONIVX. MACRINI. VINDICIS.

the last being, of course, that of a Roman lady. After the Roman names there is evidently a gap of very many centuries. Nobody will ever know now what was the history of the relic during those dark ages, or how it came to have been preserved in the family. My poor friend Vincey had, it will be remembered, told me that his Roman ancestors finally settled in Lombardy, and when Charlemagne invaded it returned with him across the Alps, and made their home in Brittany, whence they crossed to England in the reign of Edward the Confessor. How he knew this I am not aware, for there is no reference to Lombardy or Charlemagne upon the tile, though, as will presently be seen, there is a reference to Brittany. To continue: the next entries on the sherd, if I may except a long splash either of blood or red coloring matter of some sort, consist of two crosses drawn in red pigments, and probably representing Crusaders' swords, and an almost obliterated monogram ("D. V.") in scarlet and blue, perhaps executed by that same Dorothea Vincey who wrote, or rather painted, the doggerel couplet.

Then came what was perhaps as curious an entry as anything upon this extraordinary relic of the past. It is executed in black-letter, written over the crosses or Crusaders' swords, and dated fourteen hundred and forty-five. As the best plan will be to allow it to speak for itself, I here give the original Latin, of course without the contractions, from which it will be seen that the writer was a fair mediæval Latinist. Also we discovered, what is still more curious, a modernized version of a black-letter translation of the Latin which we found inscribed on a second parchment that was in the coffer, apparently older in date than that on which was inscribed the Latin black-letter translation of the uncial Greek:

Expanded Version of the Black-Letter Inscription on the Sherd of Amenartas.

"Ista reliquia est valde misticum et myrificum opus, quod majores mei ex Armorica, scilicet Brittannia Minore, secum convehebant; et quidam sanctus clericus semper patri meo in manu ferebat quod penitus illud destrueret, affirmans quod esset ab ipso Sathana conflatum prestigiosa et dyabolica arte, quare pater meus confregit illud in duas partes, quas quidem ego Johannes de Vinceto salvas servavi et adaptavi sicut apparet die lune proximo post festum beate Marie Virginis anni gratie MCCCCXLV."

Modernized Version of the Black-Letter Translation.

"Thys rellike ys a ryghte mistycall worke and a marvaylous, the whyche myne aunceteres aforetyme dyd conveigh hider with them from Armoryke which ys to seien Britaine the Lesse and a certayne holye clerke should allweyes beare my fadir on honde that he owghte uttirly for to frusshe the same, affyrmynge that yt was fourmed and conflatyd of Sathanas hym selfe by arte magike and dyvellysshe wherefore my fadir dyd take the same and to-brast yt yn tweyne, but I, John de Vincey, dyd save whool the tweye partes therof and topeecyd them togydder agayne soes a yee se, on this daye mondaye next folowynge after the feeste of Seynte Marye the Blessed Vyrgyne yn the yeere of Salvacioun fowertene hundreth and fyve and fowerti."

The next and, save one, last entry, was Elizabethan, and dated 1564: "A most strange historie, and one that did cost my father his life; for in seekynge for the place upon the east coast of Africa, his pinnace was sunk by a Portuguese galleon off Lorenzo Marquez, and he himself perished.—John Vincey."

Then came the last entry, apparently, to judge by the style of writing, made by some representative of the family in the middle of the eighteenth century. It was the well-known quotation by Hamlet, "There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in your philosophy, Horatio."*

"Well," I said, when I had read these paragraphs out, at least those of them that were still legible, "that is the conclusion of the whole matter, Leo, and now you can form your own opinion on it. I have already formed mine."

"And what is it?" he asked, in his quick way.

"It is this. I believe that potsherd to be perfectly genuine, and that, wonderful as it may seem, it has come down in your family since the fourth century before Christ. The entries absolutely prove it, and therefore, however improbable it may seem, it must be accepted. But there I stop. That your remote ancestress, the Egyptian Princess, or some scribe under her direction, wrote that which we see on the tile I have no doubt, nor have I the slightest doubt but that her sufferings and the loss of her husband had turned her head, and that she was not right in her mind when she did write it."

"How do you account for what my father saw and heard there?" asked Leo.

"Coincidence. No doubt there are plenty of bluffs on the coast of Africa that look something like a man's head, and plenty of people who speak bastard Arabic. Also, I believe that there are lots of swamps. Another thing is, Leo, and I am sorry to say it, but I do not believe that your poor father was quite right when he wrote that letter. He had met with a great trouble, and also he had allowed this story to prey on his imagination, and he was a very imaginative man. Anyway, I believe that the whole thing is the most unmitigated rubbish. I know that there are curious things and forces in nature which we rarely meet with, and when we do meet them, cannot understand. But until I see it with my own eyes, which I am not likely to, I never will believe that there is any means of avoiding death, even for a time, or that there is or was a white sorceress living in the heart of an African swamp. It is bosh, my boy, all bosh. What do you say, Job?"

"I say, sir, that it is a lie, and if it is true, I hope Mr. Leo won't meddle with no such things, for no good can't come of it."

"Perhaps you are both right," said Leo, in a quiet voice. "I express no opinion. But I say this. I am going to set the matter at rest once and for all, and if you won't come with me, I will go by myself."

That day three months we were on the ocean, bound for Zanzibar.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TESTING FIREMEN.

The Fire Department of the city of New York has long been recognized both at home and abroad as among the best in the world as to efficiency, activity, system, apparatus, and progressiveness. It has escaped more than any other department the vicious influence of party politics, even at the time when that influence was the most powerful and pervading. The reason for this is not very far to seek. It lies in the fact that this department, more than any other in the city, comes under the direct and vigilant inspection of a body of active and intelligent citizens who have a strong and immediate pecuniary interest in its efficiency.

It so happened, therefore, that when the act of May, 1884, brought the Fire Department within the range of the Civil Service Law, there was less to be done than anywhere else to secure its application. Nevertheless the reform system has been of great advantage in this, that it has perfected and systematized the methods already in use, has added new features, and has given them permanence and authority. For instance, certain physical tests were already in use. Before full appointment to the "uniformed force," as it is officially called, men were put into an auxiliary branch of the service, and at once trained and tested for the severer duties of the permanent service. This plan is still continued, but there is a practical and severe physical examination before any appointment, which thoroughly sifts the applicants.

Among the special tests the applicants are required to climb a long post reaching to the ceiling, using their arms, hands, and legs the best they can—an exercise in which the fellows who have had the advantage of nutting as a sport in boyhood notably excel. Then the men are asked to walk the edge of a plank some eighteen inches from the floor, and are given three trials, account being taken of their quickness and security. Then they must pass along suspended from a horizontal ladder, taking the rungs with their hands. Then one of the men lies down inert, and each applicant is required to pick him up and carry him a certain distance in a manner which is carefully explained to them. They are also asked to lift dumb-bells or weights of from 50 to 250 pounds, in prescribed positions, testing the strength of the arms, of the legs, and of the back and trunk, and to raise their own weight slowly by one foot placed at a height a little above that of an ordinary chair. It is obvious that these tests, with even a very moderate minimum of requirement, are sure to weed out from the applicants who have passed the ordinary medical examination about all who are physically unfit for the work of firemen. It is equally plain that they give an excellent basis for choice among those who pass the minimum, and that both these results are very substantial benefits.

JOHN ESTEN COOKE.

John Esten Cooke, the son of John Rogers Cooke and Maria Pendleton Cooke, was born at Winchester, Frederick County, Virginia, on November 3, 1830, and died on September 28th, of typhoid fever, at his home, "The Briars," near Boyce, Clarke County, Virginia. His father, a lawyer of distinction, imposed his profession upon his two boys, the first-born of whom, Philip Pendleton, was fourteen years older than John Esten, whose early years were passed at Glengary, the country-seat of his father, near Frederick, where he remained until the destruction of the house by fire in his ninth year, when the family removed to Richmond. At the age of sixteen he left school, and studying law with his father, was admitted to the bar, as his brother had been before him. Where his earliest writings were published we are not told, but probably in the periodicals of the time, and without doubt in the *Southern Literary Messenger*, which for years was the only Southern magazine. Like his brother he wrote verse, specimens of which will be found in the old editions of *Griswold's Poets of America*. His calling, however, was prose, and his walk the primrose path of fiction. That he wrote easily, but without incurring the condemnation which Sheridan pronounced upon easy writing, was evident from the rapidity with which his stories succeeded each other; for in four years (1854–8) he produced six, to say nothing of his miscellaneous writing in different periodicals. Their titles are *Leather Stocking and Silk*, *Youth of Jefferson*, *Virginia Comedians*, *Ellice, a Human Comedy*, *Last of the Foresters*, and *Henry St. John, Gentleman*. That he was a voluminous contributor to the periodicals I infer from the list of his writings in the index to one—Harper's Magazine—where nineteen are specified. He was one of the few authors whom I have known who was always happy when he sat at his desk, with paper before him and pen in hand, jotting down his thick-coming fancies; he wrote from the pure love of writing.

But one day he dropped the pen, like so many of the literary guild at the South, and the North too, for fighting blood was running then in the veins of every American man, and girding on his sword, rode away to the battle-field. All who knew John Esten Cooke knew on which side he would be found when the irrepressible conflict began, for, Southern to his heart's core, the love which he bore his native State, and which was entwined with every fibre of his being, was a passionate adoration that expressed itself in deeds, not words. This young Virginia gentleman went out of the Union with Virginia. It was as an author, not as a soldier, that I knew Cooke, so I will not speak of him in his militant character except to say that he served in the Confederate ranks on the staff of that dashing leader General J. E. B. Stuart, was present at most of the battles in Virginia, and at the surrender at Appomattox Court House, where I hope he was glad to sheathe his sword and return to his pen. His later writings consist of a *Life of Stonewall Jackson*, a *Life of General Lee*, and upward of twenty novels, only two or three of which I have read. I liked them less than his earlier stories, which have, I think, a charm not to be found in the stories of any other American writer—the charm of elegant comedy, the pathos of pastoral tragedy, sparkles of wit, flashes of humor, and everywhere the amenities of high breeding. They are romantic, poetic, delightful.

R. H. Stoddard.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

A Georgia farmer has for years protected his chickens from hawks and owls by means of a scythe blade attached, edge up, to a perpendicular pole. The hawks and owls light upon the blade, the farmer says, and straightway their toes are shaved off, so that they are unable to carry away the fowls. It never seems to occur to hawks and owls outside of Georgia to stop and roost for a spell on the edge of a sharp scythe.

A citizen of Philadelphia complains in the *Ledger* that his little daughter, who attends a grammar-school in that city, was recently required to give the meanings of and to employ properly the words, "abbreviature, abbearance, aberrance, aberrant, aberrate, and aberration." It is safe to say that these words were unknown to Solomon, or to the Seven Wise Men of Greece.

Two Western girls having heard that if any one counted seven stars on seven consecutive nights, and on the seventh night also had a dream, the dream would surely "come to pass," were perplexed and horrified on comparing notes after the observance and occurrence of everything precisely in accordance with the rule, to learn that one of them was to be married to the Emperor of New Jersey, and that the other was to be made into wine jelly for a picnic, and run into moulds representing Bunker Hill Monument and the Central Park Obelisk.

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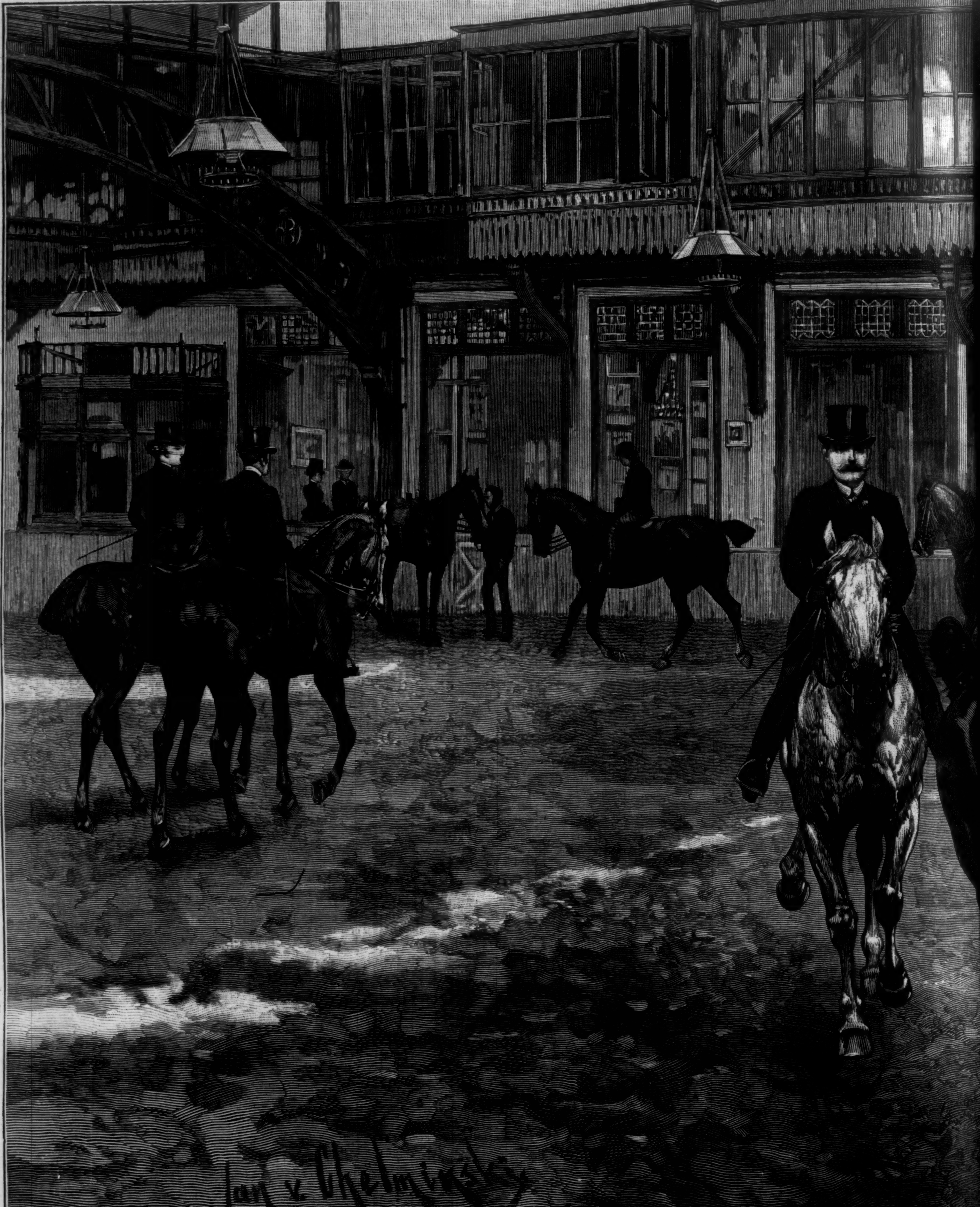
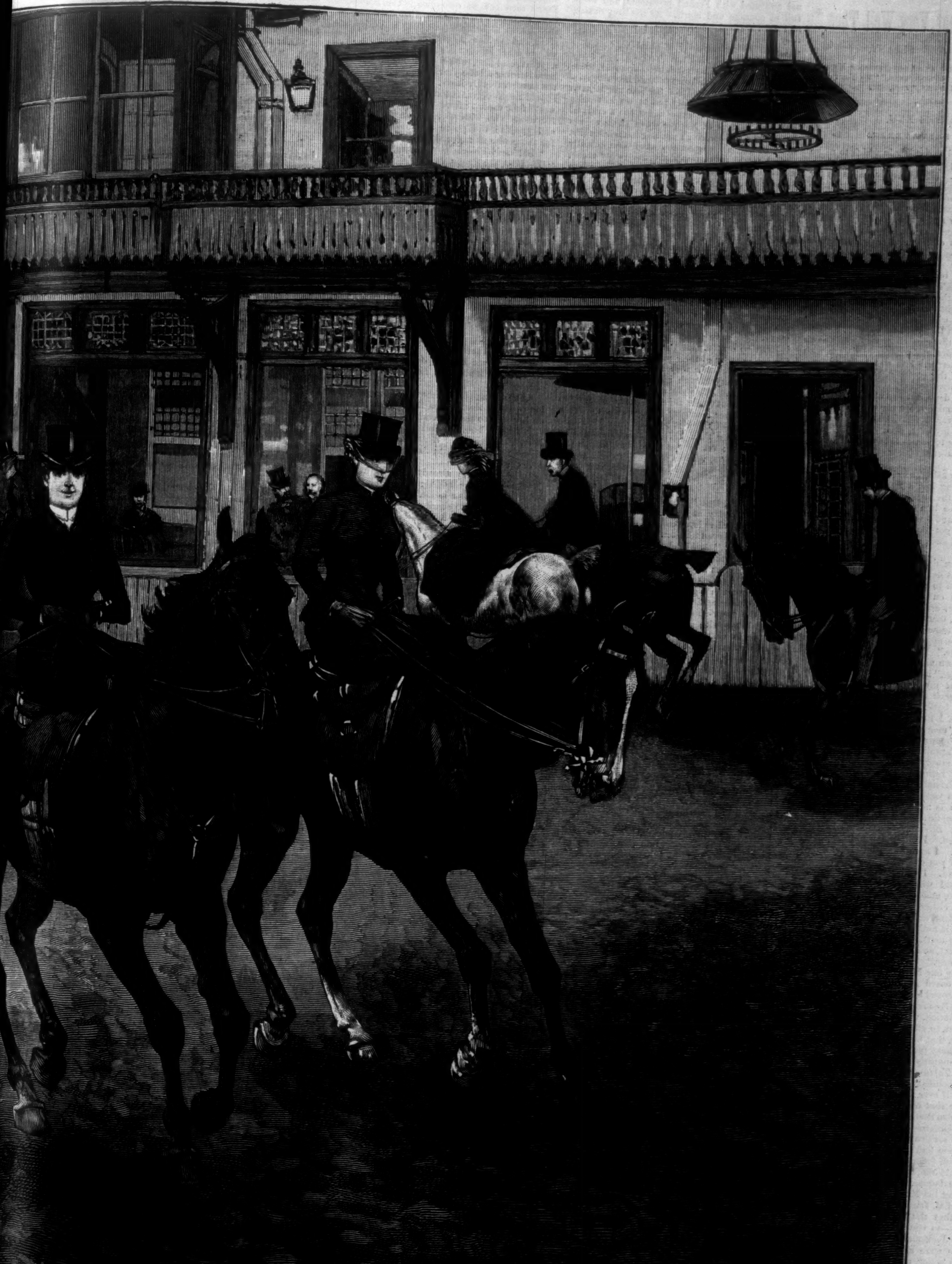
* Nectanebes or Nectanebo II., the last native Pharaoh of Egypt, fled from Ochus to Ethiopia B.C. 339.—Editor.

* Another thing that makes me fix the date of this entry at the middle of the eighteenth century is that I have an acting copy of *Hamlet*, written about 1740, in which these two lines are misquoted almost exactly in the same way, and I have little doubt that the Vincey who wrote them on the potsherd may have heard them so misquoted at that date. Of course the lines really run:

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy."


Jan v. Chelminski

THE NEW YORK RIDING CLUB.—Dra



J. v. Chelminski.—[See Page 655.]

The World Went Very Well Then.*

By WALTER BESANT,

AUTHOR OF "ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF MEN," "THE CHAPLAIN OF THE FLEET," "SO THEY WERE MARRIED," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE PRIVATEERS.

THE time allowed to a sailor in which to make love is short, being no more than the interval between two voyages. (He generally makes up for brevity by the display of an ardor unknown to landsmen.) And now the hour approached when Jack must tear himself from the arms of his mistress, and go forth again to face the rude blast, the angry ocean, and the roaring of the enemy's guns. Regardless of his former sufferings, he desired nothing better than to put to sea once more; and he was not one to go away crying because there would be no more kisses for a spell.

Among the King's ships laid up in ordinary at Deptford, during the seven years' peace, was a certain twenty-eight-gun frigate, called the *Tartar*. I know not what had been her record up to this period; but that matters nothing, because it will be allowed that she is now very well known to all French sailors, and regarded by them with a very peculiar terror. She was built on lines somewhat out of the common, being sharper in the bows and narrower in the beam than most ships. She rode deep, but she was so fast a sailer that nothing could escape her when she crowded on all her canvas and gave chase; a beautiful ship she was, to my eyes, even while laid up in ordinary, with the topmasts taken out of her, and her upper deck covered with tarpaulin, like a long tent.

"She is," Jack said, "a swift and useful vessel, and wants nothing but a fighting Captain, who will not wait for the enemy, but will sail in search of him and make him fight. I would she had such a Captain, and I was on board with him!"

He presently got his desire, as you will hear, and the ship got such a Captain as he wished for her.

Meanwhile the days passed by, and still his appointment was delayed, so that, in spite of his amour, he began to fret and to grow impatient. The great man on whose word he relied had made him a clear and direct promise from which there could be, one would think, no departing. "Trust me, Lieutenant," he said; "I assure you that you shall be appointed to a ship with as little delay as possible." Yet appointments were made daily, and his own name passed by.

"Of one thing," he declared, "I am resolved. If I do not get my appointment before many months, I will seek the command of a privateer, or at least the berth of Lieutenant on board of one. There is, I know, no discipline aboard a privateer; the men are never flogged, and are generally a company of mutinous dogs, only kept in order by a Captain who can knock them down. But they are sturdy rascals, and will fight. I hear they are fitting out a whole squadron of privateers at Bristol; and there is a craft building at Taylor's yard, in Redriff—I saw her yesterday—which is never intended to carry coals between Newcastle and London, or sugar between Kingston and Bristol. She means Letters of Marque, my lad. Perhaps I could get the command of her. I am young, but I am a King's officer; and if you come to navigation, well, one must not boast. I will not stay at home doing nothing—what! when there is fighting? No. I must go too, and take my luck. If they will not have me either in the King's service, or on board a privateer, or in the Company's navy, why, my lad, there is nothing left but to volunteer and go before the mast. They would not refuse me there, I warrant, and many a poor fellow has done as much already."

Fortunately our Lieutenant was not called to embark on board a privateer, for he found a friend who proved able and willing to assist him. This was the Resident Commissioner of the Yard, Captain Petherick, who took up Jack's case for him, and that so effectually, though I know not in what way, that he presently procured for him the appointment promised him, and which most he desired—namely, that of third Lieutenant to the frigate *Tartar*, to which Captain Lockhart was now appointed. And he was a fighting Captain indeed, if ever there was one.

I am sure that on the day which brought him his commission there was no happier man in Deptford than Lieutenant Easterbrook. He had now been in the service for nearly ten years, and for seven of them had been, through no fault of his own, debarred from every opportunity of distinction. Behold him, therefore, at last with his foot well on the ladder, albeit very near the lowest rung, holding his Majesty's commission as Lieutenant to H.M. frigate *Tartar*. On that day it happened that the bells were ringing and the guns firing—to commemorate I know not what event. To Jack and to his friends it seemed as if the bells were ringing and the cannon were fired in his honor, and to celebrate his appointment.

"As for her orders," said Jack, "I care little whither we are sent, because it is certain that there will be hot work to do, wherever we go. The French, they say, are strong in North American waters, and they are reported to be fitting out a great fleet at Toulon; they are also reported to be collecting troops at Boulogne and at Havre for embarkation, no doubt for the invasion of the English coast, if they pluck up spirit enough. Well, Bess, we shall be among them, never fear."

At this time, besides the preparations for invasion, which were perhaps exaggerated, the Channel swarmed with French privateers, and these full of courage and spirit. At the first outset, and until we had taught them a lesson or two, they were bold enough to attack anything, without considering disparity of numbers, that flew the English flag. Had the French King's Navy been handled with as much resolution as these privateers, commanded and manned often by simple fishermen, the result of the war might have been very different. They put to sea in vessels of all kinds: nothing came amiss for a craft of war with Letters of Marque when these rogues first went a-privateering; nothing in their earliest flush of success seemed too small or too badly armed for a venture against the richly laden, slow-sailing English merchantmen, which, taken by surprise, offered at the beginning of the war, it must be confessed, but a cowardly resistance. Again, nothing was too big to be fully manned and equipped. Every craft that lay in the ports, from Dunquerque to Bordeaux, became a privateer, from a simple fishing-smack, a fast-sailing schooner, an unarmed sloop carrying two or four six-pound carronades and thirty or forty men, to a tall frigate of thirty guns, well gunned, and manned by three hundred sturdy devils, emboldened by the chance of plunder, and eager to attack everything, from an East Indiaman to a potato coaster. Very good service was done during the course of this war by our own privateers, of whom there were presently a great many, though it must be owned that the French beat us both for the number of their piratical craft and their success. Certainly they had a better chance, since for every French merchantman there are fifty English. We were always capturing their privateers, but their number never seemed to lessen, however many lay in our prisons. Why, in one year—I think it was the year 1761—we took no fewer than 117 privateers, manned by 5000 sailors; yet in the same year, in spite of their conquests, we lost over 800 merchantmen, taken from us by these hornets swarming under our very noses.

"Kiss me, Bess," said Jack; "we sail on Sunday, or Monday at latest. Kiss me again, my girl. Our orders have come. We join the Channel Fleet, where there will be rubs for some, as is quite certain."

"Among the privateers, Jack?" Bess was as brave a girl as any, yet she shuddered, thinking of this dangerous service, in which one has not to take part in a great battle once in the cruise, and so home again to brag about the broadsides and the grape-shot, but to fight daily, perhaps, and always with a desperate crew, whose only chance is victory or escape. "Well"—for his eyes clouded at the first appearance of fear in her face—"if thou art happy, Jack, then will I try to be happy too. Alas! why cannot women go into battle with their lovers? I could fire a pistol, and I think I could thrust a pike with any who threatened thee, Jack. But we must still sit at home and wait."

"Now you talk nonsense, Bess. Do you think I could fight with thee at my side? Why, I should tremble the whole time, lest a splinter should tear thy tender limbs. Nay, my dear; sit at home and wait, for there is nothing else to do. And sometimes think of thy lover. Let me read the future in thine eyes." She turned them to him obediently, and as if the future really could be read in those great black eyes. "I see, my dear, a sailor coming home again, safe and sound, prize-money in his pocket, promotion awaiting him. His girl waits for him at home. He rushes into her arms and kisses her—thus, my dear, and thus, a thousand times. Then he buys her a house as fine as the Admiral's, and furnishes it for her with his prize-money; and there is a garden for salads and for fruit. She shall eat off china—no more pewter then. She will have the finest pew in church and the most loving husband at home, and—what? I see a dozen boys and girls; and every boy in his Majesty's service, and every girl married to a sailor. There shall be no woman in the world handsomer or happier. Give me a kiss again, my dear."

CHAPTER XXIII.

A SAILOR'S CHARM.

THAT evening Bess did a thing which is forbidden by the Church—in what part of the Prayer-book I do not know, but I have always understood that it is prohibited as a grievous sin. She went to seek the advice of a witch.

The old negro woman knew, of a certainty, many secrets, whether they were those of the black-art or no. Mr. Brinjes would talk to her in her own Mandingo language, which he had acquired while on the west coast of Africa. She it was who assisted him in the compounding of those broths which used to simmer on his hob, to be tasted by the shuddering assistant. By these and other secrets of which he was always in search, and forced the woman to reveal by terror of his magic stick with the skull, he hoped to cure disease, to arrest decay, and to prolong life. I suppose that it was by conversation with him that Bess was led to consider Philadelphy as much wiser in witchcraft than Mr. Brinjes. Therefore she resolved to consult her, and went to her that very evening with all the money she had in the world—namely, a crown-piece and a groat.

The negroes of the Admiral's household occupied quarters of their own, built for them without the house, in West Indian fashion, containing a common kitchen and sleeping-rooms. Here Bess found three of the men, one of them being on guard, with the old woman. They were squatted on the floor, in the kitchen, round a dish containing their supper—a mess of cuscoosoo, which is made of flour roasted by some art in small grains, and served with salt fish, onions, red pepper, and butter—a strong-tasting food, but not displeasing to the palate nor unwholesome. Every race has its own dish. The Spaniards have their olla podrida, the Hindoos their rice, the Chinese their birds'-nest soup and dried sea-slugs, and the Mandingos their cuscoosoo. There was no other light in the room than the glow of a great coal fire, which these negroes love to have burning all the year round, and in the winter never willingly leave. As for candles, why should negro servants have luxuries which poor white folk cannot afford to buy? Candles are for those who wish to read, play music, cards, and practise the polite accomplishments; not for those who sit about the fire for warmth.

"Hi!" said Philadelphy, looking up curiously. "'Tis Bess, the Penman's girl."

"I want to speak with you, Philadelphy," said Bess.

The old woman nodded, and the men rose, took up the dish of cuscoosoo, and retired, as if they were accustomed to these consultations, and knew that their absence was expected. A witch must, in fact, be quite alone with those who inquire of her.

When they were gone, the old woman crept closer to the fire, the light of which seemed to sink into her skin, and there to become absorbed (the blackness of Philadelphy's cheeks not being shiny, as is that of some negresses, but dull), while her eyes shone by the fire-light like two balls of fire.

"What is it, dearie?" she asked. "Is thy lover inconstant?"

"How do you know I have a lover?"

"It is written on thy face and in thine eyes, dearie."

"I have come for a charm," she replied, blushing to think that she carried her secret written on her face so that all could read.

"Hush! The Admiral he say, 'No charms here, Philadelphy.' Whisper. What kind of charm? Is it a charm to make thy sweetheart love thee?"

"He loves me already." Bess hesitated a little. Then she added: "He is a sailor. I want a charm for a sailor."

"I sell very fine charm—proper gri-gri charm. Eh! When Massa Brinjes wants pow'ful charm for gout and toothache he sends for Philadelphy, and puts his skull-stick on the table. Then I give him what he wants. I got charm for 'most everything. Massa Brinjes very good Obeah doctor: he learn in Mandingo country when he live among the rovers. Hi! Fine times the rovers had before they were all hanged up. Hi! But he don' know so much as ole Philadelphy. When he want to learn, mus' come to de ole woman. Hi!" As she spoke, her eyes rolling about so that the whites in the fire-light were glowing red, she held out her hand for the money, but went on talking and asking questions without waiting for a reply. "Mus' come to de ole woman. Everybody comes to de ole woman. Some day I die—what you do then? Hi! What kind of charm you want? I sell very fine charm. Will you buy charm for true love? Once your man get that charm upon him he can't even look at another woman. That charm make all other women ole and ugly. Hi! Tell me, dearie, will you have that charm? I sell charm again' drowning. No man drown with my charm on him. Will you buy that charm? I sell charm again' shot and sword. No man ever killed who carry my charm. I sell charm to bring him home again. Hi! You like your sweetheart come home again? How much money you got for de ole woman, dearie?"

"I've got a crown and a groat. Is that enough?"

"Give it to me!" She clutched the money greedily. "S'pose you rich lady, too little. S'pose you poor girl, 'nuff for kind ole Philadelphy."

"Will the money buy all the charms?"

"Buy all?" The old witch laughed scornfully. "She think she a queen, this girl, for sure. Buy all? Dearie, if your crown and your groat was a bag of golden guineas you couldn't buy but only one charm."

"Then, if I can only have one, which shall it be?"

"Take the love charm, dearie. That the best for eb'ry girl."

"No," said Bess, proudly, "I will not buy a love charm. If my sweetheart cannot remain constant without a charm to keep him, I want no more of him. Well....then....he might be drowned. But he has passed through so many dangers already that I do not think he will ever be drowned. He might be killed in action. Let him come home safe and sound, whether he loves me or not. Yes, I will have the charm against killing and wounding."

"Most girls," said the old woman, "rather see their sweethearts die than be false."

"I will have the charm against shot and cutlass," said Bess.

"Very well. I make fine gri-gri—pow'ful charm. Hi! charm to turn aside every bullet. You wait."

Then the old woman rose slowly, being, in spite of her magic powers, unable to charm away her own rheumatism, and fumbled in her pocket, a vast sack hanging beneath her dress, which contained as many things, and as various, as a housewife's cupboard. From the rubbish lying in its vast recesses she produced a small leather bag, apparently empty, tied with a long string, which, after securing the bag with half a dozen knots, was long enough to be slipped round the neck. To untie these knots and to open the bag was to destroy the whole charm. More than this, it was to invite the very danger which was sought to be averted. Two or three years afterward I was present when the bag was opened. It contained nothing more than a small piece of parchment, inscribed with certain characters, which I believe to have been Arabic, and very likely a verse of the False Prophet Mohammed's book, the Koran; there was the head of a frog, dried; the leg-bone of some animal, which may have been a cat or a rabbit; the claw of some wild creature; a nutmeg, and a piece of clay. This was a famous collection of weapons to interpose between a man's body and a cannon-shot.

"Take the bag in your hand," said the old woman. "Now go down on your knees and shut your eyes, and take care not to open them whatever you hear or feel, while you say the words after me:

"'Shot and bullet pass him by;
Pike and cutlass strike in vain;
Keep him safe, though all may die;
Bring my sweetheart home again.'"

Bess did as she was commanded, holding the bag in her hand, and keeping her eyes tightly closed, while she repeated these words on her knees. She declared afterward that while she said the words there was a rushing and whirling of the air about her ears and a cold breath upon her face, and, which was strange, though she held the bag tightly by the neck, she felt that things were being dropped inside it.

"Now, honey," said the old woman, "gri-gri done made. You open eyes, and stand up."

So Bess obeyed, looking about her fearfully. But there was nothing to see, and the old woman was now crouching beside the fire again. But the bag, which had been empty when she took it in her hand, was now filled with something.

"Give your lover," said Philadelphy, "this bag. Hang it round his neck. And say the words again, with your eyes shut and his as well. Let him never take it off, or look inside it, or tell anybody of it. Hi! you very fine girl, for sure; yet sometimes men go away and forget. Hi! Den you fly roun' like a wild-cat in a trap. Well, dearie, come to me s'pose he does go untrue. I make beautiful figure for girls when sweethearts prove false: put him 'fo' the fire, an' stick pins into him. Den he all over pain." Bess told me that she thought of Aaron, and of a way to punish him; but, fortunately, she had no more money, else I fear that Aaron would have passed a bad winter.

When she had the charm, the old woman offered to tell her for nothing, by several methods, the fortune of her lover. All her methods led to surprising results, as you shall hear; and then Bess went away, carrying with her the precious bag. The next thing was to persuade Jack into putting it on. Now every sailor is full of superstition; and the bravest man afloat is not above carrying a charm if one is given to him. But, of course, he would not have it known.

"Jack," said Bess, "don't be angry with me for what I have done."

"What have you done, child?"

"I've been....I've been—Jack—to a witch. Oh! a real witch! But she does not know your name or anything about you. And I've got a charm for you! Here it is!" She lugged the precious thing out of her bosom. "No, Jack; don't touch it yet. You must never try to open it or to find out the secret of what is inside it, or else the charm will be broken. And, Jack—promise me—promise me— If you will wear this round your neck, close to your skin, you shall never be hit by shot nor shell."

Jack laughed; but he took the little black bag out of her hand and looked at it doubtfully.

"Why," he said, "as for such a trumpery thing as this, is it worth the trouble of hanging it about one's neck?"

"I might have had a charm to keep you safe from drowning, Jack; but I thought that you have had so many dangers already that there can be no more for you. And I might have had one to keep you true to me; but oh! Jack, what good would it do to me if you are true only to be killed? Besides, if you cannot keep true to me without a charm, you cannot love me as you say you do—yes, Jack, I know you do. I scorn witchery to keep my lover true."

"A lock of thy hair, Bess, is all I ask. I will tie that round my wrist. 'Twill be quite enough to keep me true, and to save me from drowning, and to turn aside the bullets."

There is, indeed, a common superstition among sailors that a lock of their mistress's hair tied round the wrist will carry them safely through the action.

"You shall have a lock of my hair as well, Jack. Oh! you should have it all if I thought it would keep you safe. Only let me hang this round your neck. There: now I take off the cravat and unbutton the shirt, and drop it in—so. Shut your eyes, and keep them shut while I say,

"'Shot and bullet pass him by;
Pike and cutlass strike in vain;
Keep him safe, though all may die;
Bring my lover home again.'"

No phenomena attended this incantation.

"Some men carry a Testament," said Jack. "Many a bullet has been stopped by a Testament, which is natural, as against the devil and all his works, of which the Frenchman and the Spaniard are the chief. Some of them carry a caul to escape drowning. But they commonly get shot; though why a caul should attract the bullets, or whether it is better to be shot or drowned, I know not. But give me a true-love knot, my girl, to keep me safe, with a lock of thy black hair to tie about my arm, and a kiss of thy dear lips for charm to keep me true. And tell no one about this charm of the black witch."

She let down her long and beautiful hair, which fell below her waist, and cut off a lock three feet long. Then Jack bared his arm—why, the lovesick lad had tattooed it all over with the name of Bess. There was Bess between an anchor and a crown, Bess between two swords, Bess under a Union-Jack—well, there could be no denying, for the rest of his life, his vows of love for Bess. She laughed to see these signs of passion, and tied her lock of hair round and round his arm, securing the two ends tightly with green silk. With this, which is every woman's amulet, and the old witch's charm, surely her Jack would be safe.

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* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1541.

"When I had gotten the charm," the girl went on, "I asked Philadelphy to tell my sweetheart's fortune. So she said she would read me his fortune for nothing."

"And what was the fortune that she told you, Bess?"

"She said, 'Come what may come, thou shalt marry thy lover.' So I am satisfied. Come what may come. What care I what may come?—oh! what can come that will harm me?—so that I keep the man I love? What more can I desire? What more can I ask? I am so poor that I can lose nothing. Fortune cannot hurt me. And come what may come, I shall keep the man I love. You will come back to me, Jack, and I shall have—oh! I shall have—my heart's desire."

It was on Saturday morning that the ship dropped down the river with wind and tide, her company and armament complete, new rigged, new painted, fresh and sweet as a lady just from her dressing-room, while the cannon roared the parting salute. I remember that it was a misty morning in December, a light southwest breeze, and the sun like a great red copper pan or round shield in the sky. And as the ship slowly slipped down Greenwich Reach the shrouds and the sails shone like gold, and were magnified by the mist.

The Admiral stood on the quay with Castilla, and with them Mr. Brinjes.

"Go thy way," said the old sailor. "Go thy way and do thy duty. Castilla, my dear, there is only one good thing for a man—'tis to sail away from the land of thieves and land-sharks, out into blue water to fight the French."

"And what is good for a woman, sir?"

"Why, my child, to marry the man who goes to sea. Farewell, Jack. Maybe we shall never see thee more. Let us go home, Castilla."

I went on board an hour before they sailed. Jack could do no more than whisper a word as he held me by the hand. Oh, heavens! my heart leaps up within me, even now, as I remember those eyes of his so full of love and tenderness. "Take care of her, Luke"—this was what he said—"take care of her until I come home to marry her. My pretty Bess! 'Tis a loving heart, Luke. She is thy charge, lad. Good-by, dear lad, good-by!"

I knew that she must be sitting in the old summer-house waiting to see the ship go by, and there, indeed, I found her. Jack parted with her early in the morning. I know not what passed between them; but it was surely very moving, because no pair loved each other more deeply than these two.

"He is gone," she said. "It is all over. But he loves me. Oh! I am sure he loves me. Yet something will happen. Philadelphy saw the devil and herself. Between the two something is sure to happen. Oh! we shall never be so happy again together—never again."

"Why," I told her, "people always think that the future can never be like the past. There are plenty of happy days before you, Bess. Jack will come home again sometime, maybe a First Lieutenant—who knows?—or a Captain in command. Then we shall have peace, I suppose, once more, and Jack will remain ashore, and you will be his wife."

"Yes. What did Philadelphy say? Come what may come, thou shalt marry thy lover. Oh, I am not afraid. I saw him on the quarter-deck as the ship sailed past. Oh! he is the bravest and the handsomest man in all the King's service; and who am I that he should love me? Luke, you know how ladies talk and what they say. Teach me that way. Oh! Luke, teach me, so that he shall never be ashamed of his sweetheart. My Jack! my sailor Jack! Steel nor lead shall not harm him; but the ship may wreck or sink. Oh! my heart! my heart! When shall I see thy dear face again?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE RIDING CLUB.

THE English have always been pre-eminent in all out-of-door sports. In every part of the world, wherever the Briton unfurls the Union-Jack and drinks the Queen's health, the games and sports which he "goes in for" at home are among the earliest habits to become domesticated. Even on the sunny slopes of Tennessee Rugby the lank, inactive native wondered at the superabundant energies of lawn-tennis, cricket has invaded the Sandwich Islands, and fox-hunting has been made a favorite recreation among the villas and ruins surrounding the Italian cities. Indeed, the very language of every Continental nation has been Anglicized by a large vocabulary of sporting terms. Those sports which are the outcome of the British love of horseflesh are the ones which have gained the most admirers among civilized communities; and so strong is English influence in the matter of equestrianism that the officers of most European armies are in part adopting the cross-country style, despite the fact that the two arts—military or *manège* riding and riding to hounds—are diametrically opposed to each other. It is absurd enough to see a mounted officer, not to speak of an orderly carrying despatches, with dangling sabre and in full uniform, with his feet "home," leaning over his horse's withers and rising to a trot; yet one may daily witness this odd spectacle in France or Germany. For the military seat is the one which enables a man to use his weapon, and keep his horse with his one hand and two heels at all times collected and ready. It is a close seat of sheer necessity; while the hunting seat is the one which gives the horse the utmost liberty to use his powers and intelligence, and which caters to his endurance by taxing him the least. Each belongs in its place, and is best of its kind.

No doubt in this country the love of the horse was fully inherited from our English ancestors. In the South the expression of this fondness kept to the old form of saddle-work, owing, no doubt, to the always execrable roads. Until the early part of this century the same was true of the North. Just why this superior kind of exercise disappeared in favor of trotting and driving it might be hard to say, except that improving roads enabled one horse to haul as many as four persons, whereas he could at most carry two; and that we have taken pleasure in perfecting our admirable means of locomotion when we had once originated it. Riding had become a lost art.

But the mother country has reconquered her revolted children, and if she cannot dictate to us in politics, she is managing to do so in social matters. If she cannot make our laws, she can at least impose on us her grooms, her tailors, and her cooks. Though, indeed, the dictation threatens to be modified by our beating our good cousins at their own games; for surely, in view of the fact that we are all but novices in most of the English sports, we have captured more than our fair share of honors, from the magnificent sports of yachting and racing, down to the humbler "one-man" running and bicycling. And it is noteworthy that not only is the Kentucky horse to-day probably the finest specimen of the thorough-bred in the world, but that the stiffest country over which any men hunt may be found on Long Island or in Western New York and the vicinity of Philadelphia.

We can well afford to forgive our British friends many an ill turn for the sake of the healthful exercises they have taught us. Among these easily the first is equestrianism. And no doubt, for all civilian purposes, the English style is the best, and the one upon which those niceties of the art which add such a charm to the saddle may be most readily grafted. And we have taken the style up vigorously and done it justice. A little overdoing of the flattery of imitation has, to be sure, bred some Anglomaniacs among us; but the mania needs no asylum, and the genuine article is good of its kind. A dozen years ago, in Northern parks, one could hardly meet with a man in the saddle; a lady was a *rara avis* indeed. To-day it seems to be the aspiration of every one to bestride his steed, and wonderful are the diverse ailments which arise as excuses for the fashionable exercise.

In foreign cities there have always been fine riding-schools or *manèges*. But just such schools, though they are now many and good in New York, did not suffice for the needs of that class which always does things in the handsomest way. What was started but a short time ago among a few gentlemen who did not want to lose their exercise on rainy days, and who sought improvement by riding in company, for which purpose they hired for a couple of afternoons a week the most available riding-school, has grown into one of the most delightful of associations, and perhaps the finest club of its kind in existence, as it is certainly unique. The peculiar charm of the Riding Club is that it is essentially a family gathering-place. The accommodations for the ladies and children are as ample and lavish as those for the men; and the boudoirs and baths on the ladies' side are fitted up with a view to luxury and comfort scarcely equalled by the smoking and card rooms for the sterner sex. A generously equipped restaurant adds to the completeness of the whole. The parlor, with its large windows facing the ring, is peculiarly well devised, and the architectural features of the building are as marked as its luxurious furnishings. The stables are large and perfectly kept. It is a pleasure to walk through the lines of stalls and observe all that can be done for the health and content of our equine friends.

But the main feature of the Riding Club is its beautiful ring, of which an illustration is given on another page. It has scarcely a superior in any European city; few, indeed, equal it. Substantially square in shape, it is yet large enough to afford distance for a hand-gallop or for jumping, and hurdles of all heights are ready at hand to be used by either the small boy who fears to tumble off his sheltie over two feet, or by the Meadow Brook Hunt Club man who wishes to test the quality of his new hunter over five. Here at times may be witnessed as pretty drill as a squadron of regular cavalry can display; or, again, the driving of tandem in the saddle—a distinctly clever and pretty performance. The timid horseman may get the bearings of his new steed before trusting himself to the bridle-paths of the Park, or the bolder equestrian may take the superfluous devil out of his high-strung thorough-bred mare before he faces the music of the street. And best of all, rain or shine is all alike in this well ventilated, lighted, and ample ring. Whatever the weather outside, one may here enjoy his daily ride untrammelled by the vagaries of the Signal Service, and with the added convenience of the Park, but a few squares away, if cloudless skies invite.

Take it for all in all, in the midst even of the gorgeousness of the New York clubs, the Riding Club, at least in the eyes of all who love the most intelligent and useful of the companions of man, stands pre-eminent in contributing to our American health and enjoyment. It is to be hoped that this club will be the prototype of many others in all our largest cities. The fullest credit is due to its originators and officers, and the community will be indebted to its enterprise for the revival of thousands of glowing complexions and rounded limbs, and for the return of thousands of hearty appetites and elastic nerve centres.

THEODORE AYRAULT DODGE.

ON THE NORTHERN PACIFIC.

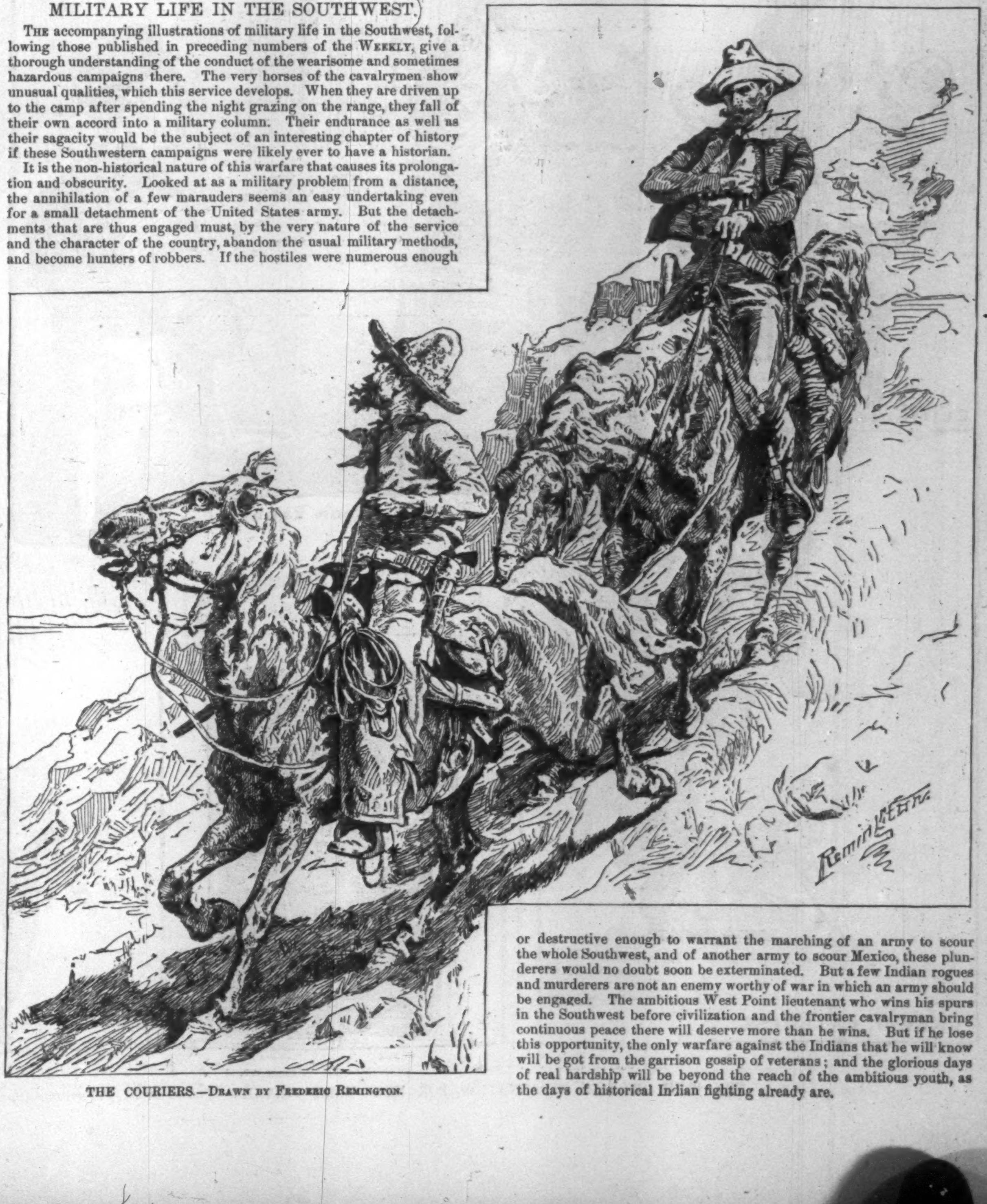
LIVINGSTON, in Montana, is the point on the Northern Pacific Railway whence the branch road diverges to the Yellowstone National Park. It is just half-way from Lake Superior to Puget Sound, and is a thousand miles from each. When the traveller going westward has reached Livingston he has already passed through the granary of the world and the Northern pasture-lands whence the herds of the ranch kings have driven the buffalo, and he has already had views of mountain as well as of prairie scenery. But it is here that he begins the steep ascent of the Beet Mountains, near the summit of which, and at an elevation of 5600 feet, the road runs through Bozeman Tunnel. It is yet 120 miles westward to the Rocky Mountains proper, and this 120 miles affords perhaps a richer variety of scenery than can be seen anywhere else in the West within a similar territory. It is of this irregular stretch of table-land between the Beet Mountains and the Rocky Mountains that our artist gives us views.

The Northern Pacific is "the valley route" to the Pacific, and the number and the beauty of the cañons that the road follows are the distinctive features of the scenery. The elevation is not as great as the elevation of the Colorado railway routes, but Colorado lacks the surprising variety of this North Rocky Mountain scenery. These cañons are the courses of the head waters of the Gallatin, Madison, and Jefferson rivers, which are the extreme western sources of the waters that finally make their way to the Atlantic.

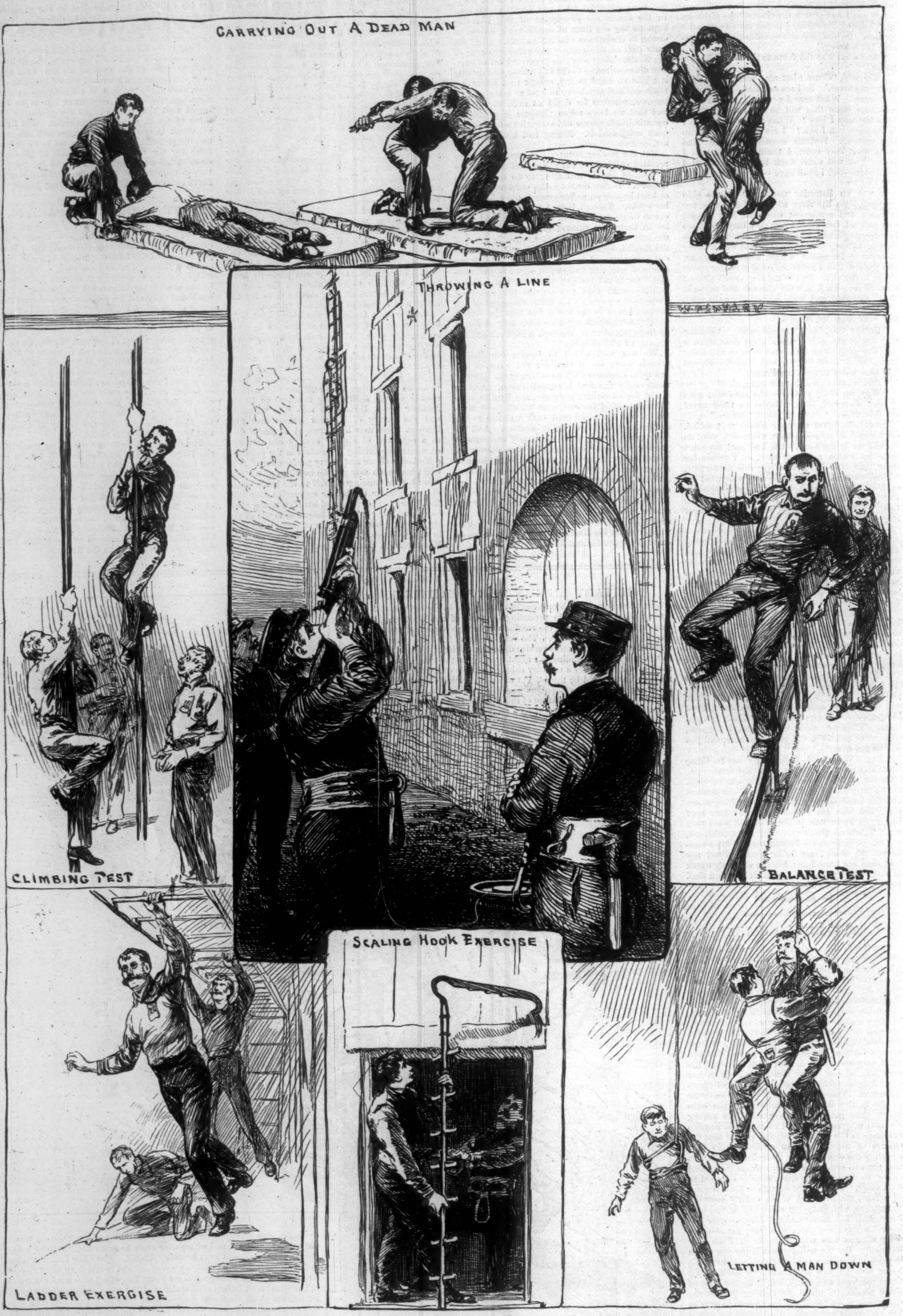
MILITARY LIFE IN THE SOUTHWEST.

THE accompanying illustrations of military life in the Southwest, following those published in preceding numbers of the WEEKLY, give a thorough understanding of the conduct of the wearisome and sometimes hazardous campaigns there. The very horses of the cavalrymen show unusual qualities, which this service develops. When they are driven up to the camp after spending the night grazing on the range, they fall of their own accord into a military column. Their endurance as well as their sagacity would be the subject of an interesting chapter of history if these Southwestern campaigns were likely ever to have a historian.

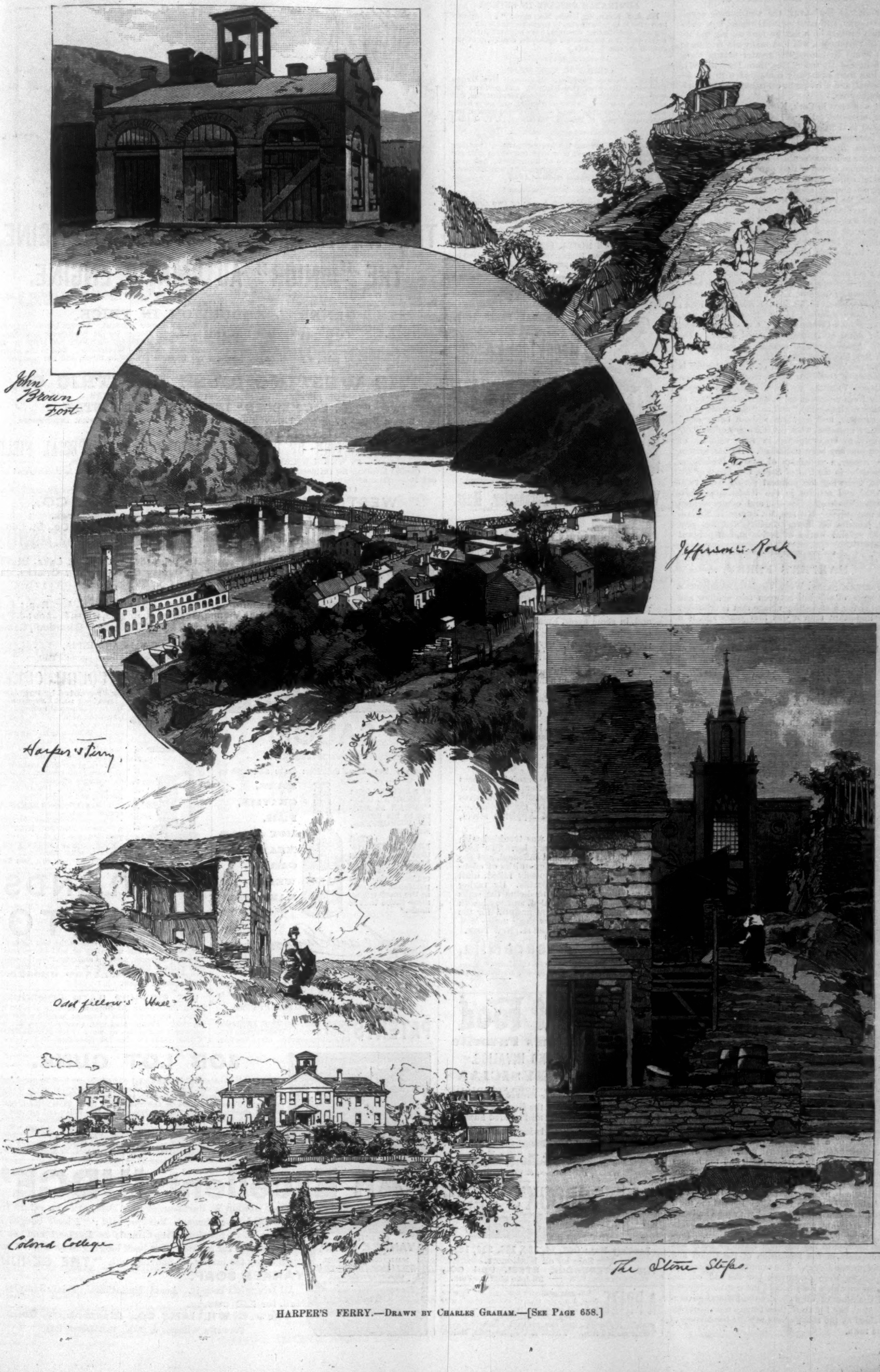
It is the non-historical nature of this warfare that causes its prolongation and obscurity. Looked at as a military problem from a distance, the annihilation of a few marauders seems an easy undertaking even for a small detachment of the United States army. But the detachments that are thus engaged must, by the very nature of the service and the character of the country, abandon the usual military methods, and become hunters of robbers. If the hostiles were numerous enough or destructive enough to warrant the marching of an army to scour the whole Southwest, and of another army to scour Mexico, these plunderers would no doubt soon be exterminated. But a few Indian rogues and murderers are not an enemy worthy of war in which an army should be engaged. The ambitious West Point lieutenant who wins his spurs in the Southwest before civilization and the frontier cavalryman bring continuous peace there will deserve more than he wins. But if he lose this opportunity, the only warfare against the Indians that he will know will be got from the garrison gossip of veterans; and the glorious days of real hardship will be beyond the reach of the ambitious youth, as the days of historical Indian fighting already are.



THE COURIERS.—DRAWN BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.


CARRYING OUT A DEAD MAN
THROWING A LINE
CLIMBING TEST
BALANCE TEST
SCALING HOOK EXERCISE
LADDER EXERCISE
LETTING A MAN DOWN

THE CIVIL SERVICE EXAMINATION FOR NEW YORK FIREMEN.—DRAWN BY W. P. SNYDER.—[SEE PAGE 651.]


John Brown Fort
Jefferson's Rock
Harper's Ferry
Odd fellow's Hall
Colored College
The Stone Steps

HARPER'S FERRY.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 658.]

JUSTIN McCARTHY.

Mr. Justin McCarthy, the well-known novelist, historian, and Irish political leader, now visiting this country on a lecture tour during the recess of Parliament, will find many old friends to greet him. He passed the greater part of three years in the United States, from 1868 to 1871, and was then editorially connected with the *Independent*, and a frequent contributor to the leading magazines.

He was born in Cork, November 22, 1830, and there educated. From 1846 to 1853 he contributed to the Cork *Examiner*, and in the latter year became an editorial writer on the Liverpool *Northern Times*. In 1860 he was a House of Commons reporter for the London *Morning Star*, then foreign editor of that paper, and from 1864 its chief editor until he came to this country in 1868, as already spoken of. On returning to England he connected himself again with the press, particularly the London *Daily News*, and in 1879 was sent to Parliament for the county of Longford, in Ireland, and on the dissolution was returned in 1880, in both cases without opposition. In the late elections he was again triumphantly returned.

A most industrious and facile writer, his works include: *Waterdale Neighbors*, published in 1867; *My Enemy's Daughter*, 1869; *Lady Judith*, 1871; *A Fair Saxon*, 1873; *Linley Rotchford*, 1874; *Dear Lady Disdain*, 1875; *Miss Misanthrope*, 1877; *Donna Quixote*, 1879; *Comet of a Season*, 1881; *Maid of Athens*, and *Paul Massie*. *The Right Honorable* was written in collaboration with Mrs. Campbell-Praed.

The principal publication of Mr. McCarthy is a *History of Our Own Times*, from the accession of Queen Victoria to 1880. This the London *Daily News* describes as "a rare achievement of literary workmanship," and as "easy without being careless, and accurate without being dry." Another historical work is his *History of the Four Georges*, to be completed in four volumes, of which one has been published. He has written *Con Amore*, a collection of essays, *Prohibition Legislation in the United States*, the *Epoch of Reform*, reviewing the political period from 1830 to 1850, and articles in the *Westminster*, *Fortnightly*, *Nineteenth Century*, and other reviews and magazines. His son, Mr. Justin H. McCarthy, inherits his literary facility, and has produced several works of fiction and of political history.

HARPER'S FERRY.

Harper's Ferry, West Virginia, occupying a few acres of side-hill between two shallow and rapid rivers, a straggling village that is relatively less important than it was fifty years ago, is a spot, nevertheless, that charms the traveller by the boldness of its scenery, and interests every student of history who has read the story of John Brown of Osawatomie. One hundred years ago, when Thomas Jefferson prepared his *Notes on the State of Virginia* for an inquiring friend of distinction from abroad then living in this country, he wrote of what is now Harper's Ferry these words: "The passage of the Patowmac through the Blue Ridge is perhaps one of the most stupendous scenes in nature. You stand on a very high point of land. On your right comes up the Shenandoah, having ranged along the foot of the mountain an hundred miles to seek a vent. On your left approaches the Patowmac in quest of a passage also. In the moment of their junction they rush together against the mountain, rend it asunder, and pass off to the sea." The "very high point of land" from which Jefferson saw this picture still bears his name, and from Jefferson Rock can be seen the rushing, brawling Potomac, modified as to its spelling, but as noisy as ever, and the unchanged Shenandoah, hastening together on their way through the narrow defile. All visitors who go to Harper's Ferry get the same beautiful glimpse through the valley that he did. They see the sundered mountain at their feet, the streams rushing over masses of rock, and the "distant finishing" that arrested the appreciative eye of Jefferson. "It is a true contrast to the foreground," he wrote. "It is as placid and delightful as that is wild and tremendous. For the mountain being cloven asunder, she presents to your eye, through the clefts, a small catch of smooth blue horizon at an infinite distance in the plain country, inviting you, as it were, from the riot and tumult roaring around, to pass through the breach and participate of the calm below."

Since Jefferson's time, and when the commerce of the West began to seek an outlet by this gap in the Blue Ridge, the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, and later the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, crowded their way through it. The town began when the ferry that bears its name was established by a man named Harper, of whom none of the people in the place can now give any information. When it was still young, a hamlet of a few hundred houses, the government established an arsenal and armory at the point where the two rivers meet, and the houses and shops of the tradesmen and operatives accumulated along the banks of the Potomac and Shenandoah, necessarily limited to one street by the steepness of the hill-side. Behind the town rises the Blue Ridge, covered with pine and oak to its crest, and across the Potomac are the higher, bolder bluffs of the Maryland shore. During the war of the rebellion Harper's Ferry was alternately in the possession of the Union and Confederate forces. The armory and the arsenal buildings were destroyed, but the old engine-house in which Brown held the combined forces of the State of Virginia and the Federal government at bay for more than twenty-four hours remained as the conspicuous relic of the history of the town.

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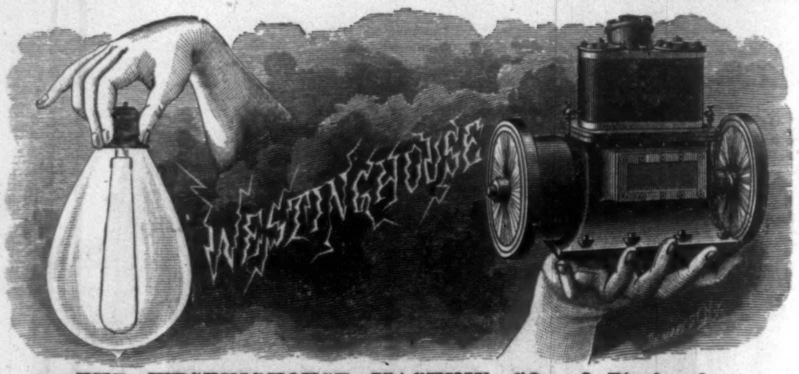

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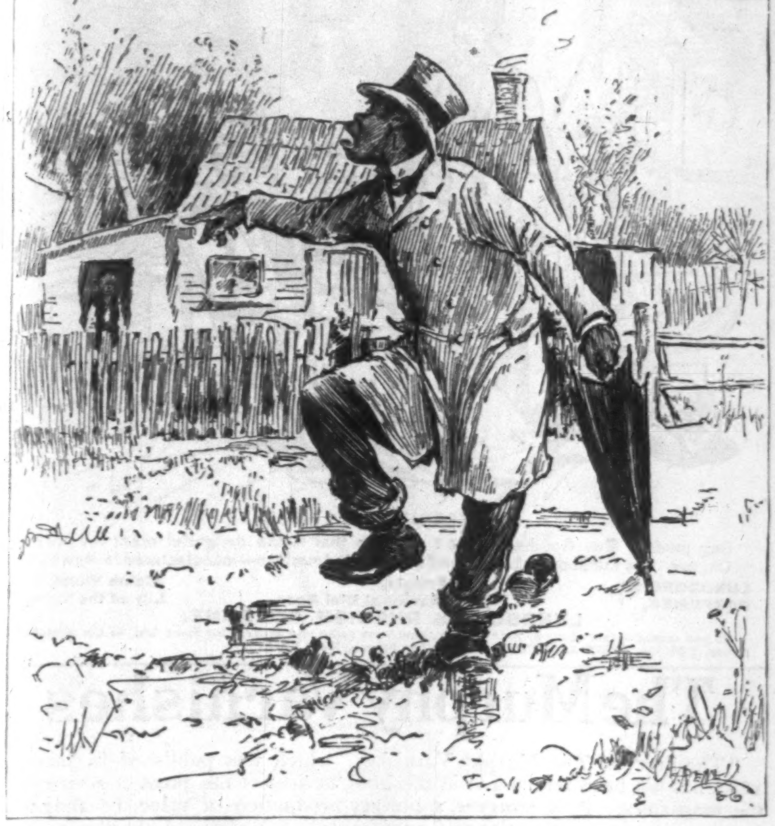
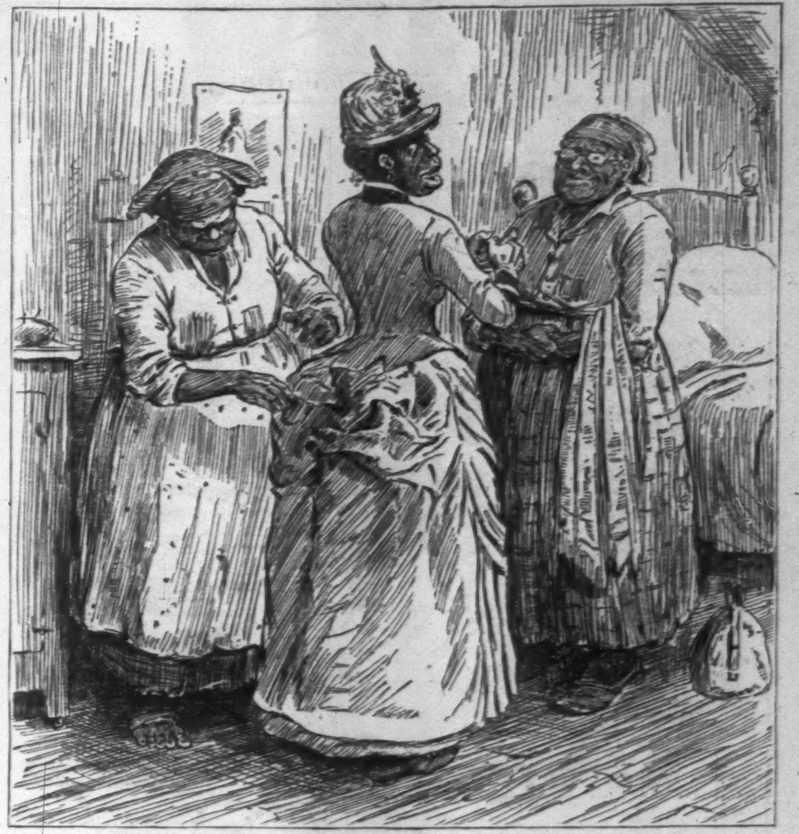


MAINTAINING HIS SHINE.

"William Heneree! Yo' scoundred, come right out heah an' han' me my rubber outen de mud. Yo' tink I's a crane ter stan' a hour on one leg a-hollerin' for yo'? I's jest nigh tuckered out a-balancin' heah like a akerbat."



CRUMPLED.

Drusilla (*to Cousin Miriam, down from Little Rock*). "Why, Mir'm, yo' dress is all crumpled up in de back whey yo's set on't. Trabellin's ha'd on clo'es, any—"

Miriam. "Laws, hain' yo' folks eber been out de woods? Dat's draped like de style is, yo' know."

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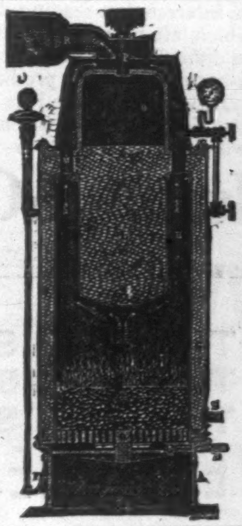

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